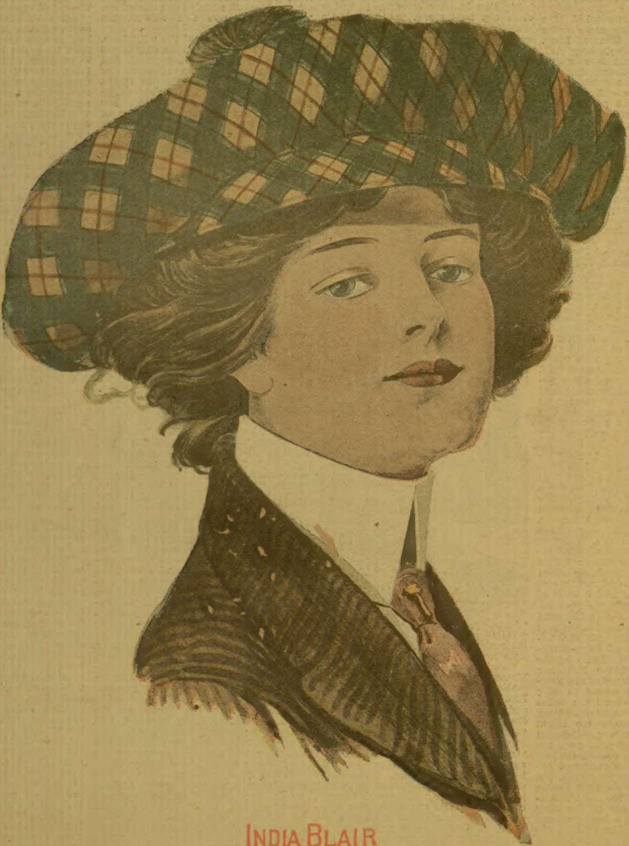
1,250,000 COPIES EACH WEEK

CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLIII. NO. 48. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1915. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS



INDIA BLAIR

A Wolverine Lumberjack

Or, My Lady of the Wilderness

By Mason Ray

[Copyright 1915 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I.

SLOWLY the great flakes of an early snowfall settled on the hill-ranges that billow away from Lake Superior to the shallow waters of Lake Erie, and from the "Thumb" at the east to the mammoth sand dunes of Sleeping Bear. Thru this smother of wet snow plodded the Hickory Vale to Agache stage with its one passenger. Joe Swanson, the driver, flicked the dilatory buckskin with his whip, but the mustang, patched on his side with enormous splotchings of white, moved nervously, and irritably bit at his mate's pendent nose and bridle.

Occasionally the Norseman addressed the stranger in soft dialect, naming the owners of forest sections or the scattered cabins, mainly log-built, that slipped by like bulky ghosts in the white silence. Twice they crossed darkly moving streams, and once they skirted the shore of an inland lake that heaved with dead swells as if the black water was half concealed.

"You bane here before?" questioned the driver, whose occupation engendered a healthy interest in his passenger's affairs.

"No," admitted the traveler. His tone discouraged advances, but Joe persevered.

"Where bane your home?" he insisted.

During an astonishing pause the stranger hesitated. His dark blue eyes were lowered as if in deep thought. Then, with distinct utterance, as one emphasizes the suddenly recalled part of a lesson, he answered: "Manistee."

"What's you want here, anyways?" pursued his inquisitor. "Dere's nodding here but mills, lumbermens an' logs."

"I'll be a lumberman, too," declared the stranger. "I'm to scale logs for Steel and Hawley."

Joe whistled as an escape valve for his astonishment. "So," said he, "you're the scaler come in place of Thomson what last month da boys run out."

Silently Joe cogitated this interesting fact, while an Indian became dimly outlined in the snow-flurry, assumed tangible form, and finally slouched by.

"Dat's Shawnoga," remarked the driver. "Dere's an Injun camp down on the north shore of Muskrat Lake. It's near Steel an' Hawley's beeg mill. Now, dat's a mill what is a mill—twenty gang saws running day an' night when ice breaks till fall. Dey'd run all winter like da odder mill o' Blair's, only it's on the far side an' dere logs is rafted. But you'll be keep busy. Nobody 'ud sleep late an' tally for eighty men."

Joe let this adjust itself in his listener's brain while he urged the lagging team. Presently a side road, little better than a trail, appeared at the left.

"Dere bane a short cut to Steel and Hawley's," explained the stage-driver. "I go t'ree mile odder way by Nuveen's store."

"Just the thing," declared the traveler. "I'll cut across."

"But your trunk?" queried Joe. "An' what's the name I bane tell it belongs to?"

Again the stranger paused during an astonishing period before answering. "The name is on the trunk," he told Swanson, as if starting from a reverie. "It's Mann, Forrest Mann."

The stranger placed the amount of his fare in Joe's extended hand, leaped to the ground, then swung with vigorous stride into the half-obliterated trail. On either hand gray tree-trunks upheld a dome of leafless branches like the columns and arch of some vast temple. Impelled by homage to this nameless majesty of the forest, he stopped a moment with uplifted cap gazing at the wilderness.

Standing thus, he was himself an object worthy of notice. Like the timber he was erect and powerful in physique. His height fitted him for a member of the Imperial Guard. His strong, handsome features denoted self-repression, depth of character, placidity of temperament. The fine eyes, wide-open and frank, were of darkest blue, and above the high forehead dark brown hair rolled back in a crisp wave. A heavy mustache failed to conceal the firmness of mouth and chin and the blue eyes had a trick of smiling.

Hastening onward the self-named traveler emerged in a slashing where ax-blows sounded on the still air, followed by the thunder of down-crashing timber. At the left of this brush-littered area he spied the long low buildings of Steel and Hawley's lumbering camp. Snow had ceased to fall; November twilight wrapped the scene in a gray light that preceded quitting time and made necessary the lights that twinkled from two small-paned windows. Following a path past the slab-roofed barn, Mann opened the battened door of the bunk-house and entered a room sixty feet in length, but narrow. Along each side were double rows of bunks, straw-filled and blanketed. At the exact center of the long space there glowed a square-sided fireplace, built to give warmth to the greatest number, and smoke-drained by a stick-built chimney. Standing with arms full of wood he was about to throw on the blaze was Guy, the camp chore-boy. But, catching sight of the stranger, Guy paused with his heavy head a-tilt, his porcine eyes blinking, and his loose mouth showing red gums in a wide grin.

"Let me help," offered the newcomer, and tossed the heavy wood on coals that scattered an upward shower of sparks.

This unexpected assistance had the effect of nearly toppling Guy into the fire after his burden, but, recovering his balance by a whirl of long arms, he stood grinning and nodding from an excess of bashfulness.

"Good evening," said the new scaler, in tardy greeting. "What's your name?"

"Guy," slobbered the boy, in an ecstasy of confusion.

"Where's the boss?"

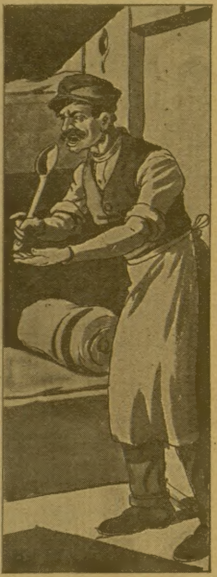
"Comin'," said the boy.

"Well, Guy, I'll wait here for the boss; I'm expected."

With another whirl of arms, this time to give impetus, Guy departed by the way of an opposite door, which led to the cook-room, and immediately the east door opened to admit three teamsters and a rush of cold air.

"Blast a country that don't know its own mind!" grumbled the treble tones of Watson, a thick-set, curly-haired man of abbreviated stature.

"Hoot, mon, 'tis naught but a flurry!" retorted McManus, a huge Scotchman dressed in a near substitute for Highland plaid—the gay mackinaw coat of the lunmberjack. "Who's yon by the fire?" he added in a low mumble.



"I ain't going to hustle for nobody."

Big Dan Hilliker carefully hung his cloth cap on its peg. "Like's not it's the scaler," said he. "Brett and Brinkley's lookin' for him today."

"Lord have mercy on him," muttered Watson, "if he's another sucker!"

"Don't hog that broom," objected Hilliker, waiting with feet wide apart and a dingy red and green mackinaw open at the throat, exposing a brawny chest.

Before long the trio, with impersonal nods of greeting, joined Mann at the fireplace, where were ranged, on all four sides, long benches. Then, as by concerted action, each dived into rear pockets producing pipes and tobacco. One minute later the pipes were lighted with coals, and the teamsters sat, vastly contented, amid smoke clouds.

"Does Mr. Brett, the manager, stop here at camp?" The question was impartially addressed to the three by the newcomer, but McManus answered.

"Brett's gang round by the road. But Brinkley'll show you the w'y by lantern. Brett lives a mile or so yon."

As he spoke the battened door crashed open to admit group after group of choppers, sawyers, others known in camp as road-monkeys, and intermittently arriving teamsters. This shifting, jostling, grumbling, joking crowd displayed in dress every color of the rainbow, besides a few not included in the spectrum. Chaffing and laughter, friendly scuffling, demands for tobacco and lights, formed a sound-medley characteristic of lumber crews in the tall timber. With a thrill of admiration Mann watched the confusion of sturdy forms, graceful as the wind-drive sweep of bending pines.

"Tat's a tam pig snow for log cut," chirped the shrill voice of Jule Faveraux, a French Canadian.

"You hain't no need to growl," chaffed Jim Sprik, "you're to drive the blacks. An' you won't know whether it's jist a-snowing or sorter fog."

"No, begob," added Mike Munshaw, "they'll yank you t'ru betwixt the flakes."

Loud laughter greeted the witticisms. King and Queen were a span of untamed devils in the shape of horseflesh. And in that pioneer region of oxen few teamsters cared for mettlesome steeds.

"By gar," exploded the quick-tempered Frenchman, "I pet you what you lak dat I win! I'll trive tat team or bus."

The screech of the opening door ended the argument, and into the crowded room strode a tall, dark-featured man, whose alert eyes instantly singled out the stranger by the hearth. With abrupt heartiness he grasped Mann's extended hand. His manner was almost boisterously genial.

"I'm Brinkley, the foreman," he explained in full-lunged tones. "And, of course, you're the tally man expected by Brett. How'd you get here? Stage?"

Mann related his manner of arrival, then said: "I hoped to see Mr. Brett at once and receive orders."

"There's no hurry about that," cried Brinkley. "We'll feed first, then I'll take you over. The last scaler had a room there for sake of his books, but boarded here. You'll likely fare the same."

As the two conversed, men crowded about the square-built fireplace and hung socks and mittens of every description on the protruding chimney-sticks to dry. Speedily the chimney assumed the appearance of a fat and well-filled Christmas tree.

"It's a bloomin' pear tree," declared Munshaw. "Pairs o' socks an' mittens, by hokey!"

"Boys," Brinkley cried above the roar that followed Munshaw's pun, "here's Mr. Mann, your new scaler. Give him a lumberjack's welcome."

Immediately the low rafters vibrated to the sound of a lusty cheer. Once, twice, thrice, the eighty assembled lumbermen mischieviously yelled in unison. At the third uproar Long Jim, the cook, rushed over from the adjoining shanty, thrust his head around the edge of the half-open door, and suspiciously surveyed the throng.

"See here," he shouted, "if you galoots air a-hinting for supper, you better change the tune! I ain't a-going to hustle for nobody. Mind that!" He glared about at the offending company. His once broken nose slanted toward his right ear, and as those useful appendages stood generously out from his head, the glare assumed an expression of whimsical drollery.

"But seein' as the grub's on the table, he added, in a mollified key, "there's no reason I knows of why yous shouldn't hike." Having delivered this grudging invitation, he withdrew his head like a turtle and disappeared.

Within an astonishing space of time the bunk-room was deserted. Like magic the hungry crowd gathered about the long tables. Mann, escorted by Brinkley, found vacant places at the end of the oilcloth-covered boards now loaded with an abundance of fried pork, beans, bread, cookies, dried apple pie, and tin cups of boiling hot tea. Profound silence succeeded the bunk-room noise. This was the hour when lumberjacks fed—not dined. But, as hunger diminished, one and another called jocular remarks to Guy, who, with head bobbing, replenished plates with a celerity that belied his shambling gait.

READ Mason Ray's great story in this issue, "A WOLVERINE LUMBERJACK; or, MY LADY OF THE WILDERNESS." It is one of the finest stories the Ledger has ever printed. A most interesting and baffling mystery story will be the leader next week, entitled, "THE FLYER HOLD UP; or, THE IRON TRAIL MYSTERY." It is a thrilling story of detective work. Read it. Boys, look out for "THE GET THERE CLUB; or, MOTOR BOAT BOYS AFLOAT," by St. George Rathborne. It's a hummer. Hold fast; a lot of fine stories are on the way.

"Guy, hustle them beans 'fore the sprout," urged Bill Watson's shrill voice.

"It's Guy what's rooting," declared Ben Heald.

"Guy don't know beans," spoke up a thin, querulous voice. "He's never learned 'em."

The speaker was a stooped-shouldered man whose pinched features had some resemblance to a bird of prey. His gray eyes were shifty and half-concealed by lowered head and bushy brows. Ominous quiet followed his coarse jest. For Guy, despite his clumsiness, was the camp favorite.

"Sacre!" Jule spit out. "Tat's a tam lie.'

The Frenchman's remark was addressed to a young man at his right. The youth was a contrast to the men about him, being slender, refined in appearance, and retiring in manner. His serious brown eyes scarce lifted from his plate; but when once or twice he encountered the new scaler's glance, Mann was attracted by something indefinably strange in the lad's expression. Altho the delicate face indicated good birth and intelligence, something was lacking. The boy seemed like one bewildered, like one lost in a maze and puzzled.

"That," said Brinkley, noting the scaler's interest in the youth, "is a chap who came to us two years ago. Has worked about the camps and mill ever since. We call him Bob Stray, since no one—including himself—has the least idea of his name or home."

Again Mann studied the cameo-like countenance, and, elusive as a will-o'-the-wisp, came the curious sensation that somewhere, at some time, be had previously been face to face with Bob Stray. The thought gave his splendidly modeled features the hue of clay, and changed the fine eyes to deep blue pools of troubled thought. He was recalled to the present by abruptly moving lumberjacks whose appetites were cloyed. One by one they flung their feet over the long benches and returned to the main room, with its kerosene lights and roaring fireplace, where belated teamsters were hanging socks to dry and warming their chilled fingers.

"Well, Chet," Brinkley called to the nearest, "how's the going?"

"The going's a confounded mess," Chet Brooks made answer. "We hardly banked a thousand apiece."

"Never mind," cheered the boss. "You'll see a month of Indian summer yet. Just keep 'em moving. Steel and Hawley want the biggest rollways ever banked on Muskrat Lake. This winter's to be a record-breaker." The foreman spoke in a manner of extreme good-fellowship. Intimate kindliness marked his most trivial utterance.

"'Now for Brett's," he told the scaler. "Wait till I light a lantern. The night's thick as blackstrap and twice as dark."

As the foreman selected a lantern from a row hung along the end wall, the door scraped open to admit a gaunt individual, whose great height was absurdly out of proportion to his gaunt anatomy. His lightly bearded face was kindly; his gray eyes humorously twinkled. His garb was the regulation mackinaw, heavy trousers, and cloth cap. But to Mann's amazement he cuddled under his right arm a huge cat, whose white face and upright brown ears protruded.

"Hello, Brinkley," the man addressed the foreman in a voice that oddly rose and fell in a cheerful squeak, "I'm lookin' for a job, b'gol. An' I say," he interceded, "I s'pose you don't mind my cat. I sure can't part with Tam. He's all the folks I got."

"I sha'n't object if the cook don't," laughed Brinkley. "But on the whole, I ain't anxious to have cats be the style. One's not bad, but eighty 'ud be worse 'en horse-fiddles. As for work, hang up your cap."

"He's the best top-loader in the State," Brinkley told Mann, when they were on the way. "And top-loading's 'bout as safe as squinting down a gun barrel. That's why Haywire Hank's welcome, cat or no cat."

For a time the two walked silently along the white trail in the lantern's circular glow. Moss-grown tree-trunks appeared to march by in stately phalanx. Suddenly above them sounded the blood-curdling hoot of a screech owl, and from the distant murk came the answering call.

"Hear that!" cried Brinkley. "He's hollering for rain."

CHAPTER II.

THE commodious log-built bungalow of Donald Brett, the manager of Steel and Hawley's camps and mill, was that morning set in a scene of transient glory. Its gray walls were crystal-dusted, while the surrounding landscape was transfigured by a premature covering of purest white. Circling this was a distant background of dark forest that extended far to the south, while westerly the wilderness opened to make room for the oblong waters of Muskrat Lake. Into this region, passing the Brett home and rounding the lake, swept Joe Swanson's irregular stage route. Its beginning was at Hickory Vale—blessed with train service—and from there it crept thru the settlements, beaded intermittently with log cabins and an occasional frame house, until it stopped at Agache, a lumbering town by the great lake.

Within the manager's log dwelling all was luxurious comfort. The red-tinted walls of the big front room gave no sign that logs lay beneath smooth plaster. Rich hangings, Oriental rugs, bookcases, a baize-covered reading table, easy chairs, and couches, were a fitting environment for the woman, Madeline Brett, who sat between stands of blooming plants gazing at the storm from a south window. Her face was of perfect profile, clear cut and delicate; the complexion hinted of Creole birth, being a rich, pale olive, warm with health; high-combed, dark hair harmonized with the magnificent eyes that stared moodily into the heart of the storm.

"Donald, do you go to camp this morning?" the soft voice of the wife questioned, but she did not turn from viewing the dim forest.

The other occupant of the room was a man who neared life's prime. His strong, immobile face with square chin, his large head, his thickset, deliberately moving form, his cold, calm, unresponsive gray eyes and masklike expression, gave evidence of a stolid character. He sat before a wood burner with feet on the fender, reading, while smoke rings circled above the printed sheet. Whether he heard or not, he gave no sign. This man of Scotch ancestry was chary of speech and reticent.

"Donald, do you go to camp this morning?" The liquid utterance duplicated the query as one drop succeeds another in the wearing away of rock.

"Yes," said Brett. Then, as if one word paved the way for more he added: "Hawley wrote me that I might expect the scaler today. Nights he's to stop here. Have Sally prepare Thomson's old room."

"Tonight! In this storm!" exclaimed Madeline, startled from her abstraction. "Where's he from?"

But Brett made no addition to his first statement. He deliberately rose, knocked the ash from his pipe into the grate, then visited the kitchen at the rear, where he ordered Sam, a negro, to harness his team. Presently, fur-coated and buried in robes, he started on his rounds to plan for and urge on Steel and Hawley's interests.

After his departure Madeline drew her chair to the glowing fire, placed her daintily slippered feet on the fender and indulged in daydreams. Who was this impending stranger? Was the unknown youthful or aged, attractive or repellent, married or single? Would he offend like Thomson by abhorrent familiarity? She recalled the former inmate of their home with loathing. Back to her shrinking mind came the recollection of her husband's undisturbed acceptance of the man. That her exacting refinement was daily outraged by Thomson's hateful presence made no difference in the plans of Brett. Thomson, like any tool, was essential, therefore to be endured. When at last the lumbermen, because of trickery refused his scale, Steel and Hawley were forced to provide a successor. Now the new employe was on the way. Donald Brett's laconic announcement of this expected arrival was characteristic. Brett wasted neither words nor emotion.

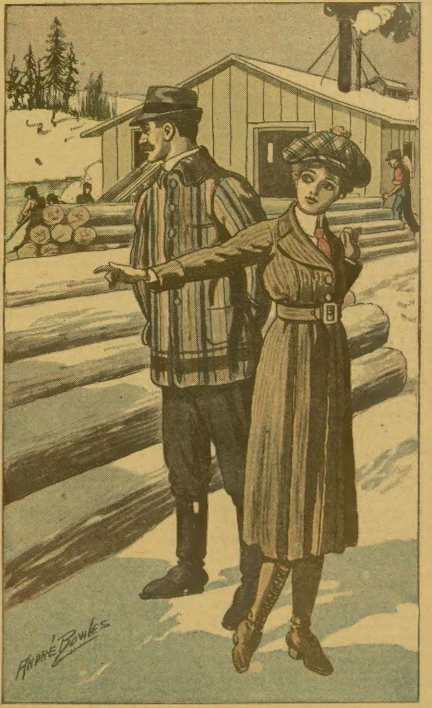
Five years before an infant son had briefly visited the Brett household. When it died Madeline's grief burned away her youth like a consuming fire. Brett, however, was rich in self-control and altogether stoical. In time he almost forgot the incident, and supposed —if he gave the matter thought—that his wife's memory of the unhappy event was likewise dulled. But Madeline, after the manner of women, secretly cherished an imaged ideal of what her child might have been. His conjured personality was real, and his growth kept pace with the years. At the present moment the mother dreamed of her babe while her slender fingers wove intricate lace patterns. Presently a tangle demanded attention. As she gazed at the pretty trifle upheld in her strong flexible hands her thoughts took a new direction.

"Is this my life's accomplishment?" she pondered with disgust. "Do I exist for no better purpose?"

Like a person newly awakened from hypnosis she stared at the thing which represented her wasting life.

"It means living death," she mused angrily. "Have I lived a quarter-century for this?"

With deliberation she unraveled the worthless fabric back to its commencement. It was her answer.



"See that!"

Having destroyed the symbol of her squandered past, she rose, went to the bookcase, and removed several volumes, which she placed on the green-baize-covered table together with pencil and notebook. Then, with her beautiful head bent above the pages, she forgot time and place. At intervals she jotted notes down in neat script, or marked passages. Her large eyes glowed with excitement. Her attitude was that of intense concentration. This was Madeline Brett's secret diversion. She withdrew into a world of strange delight; she delved into work that tested her brain power and sharpend her intellect; she absorbed knowledge for which her soul hungered and thirsted. For, because of an irresistible inclination inherited from her physician father and his father before him, she craved an understanding of disease and its alleviation. And because Brett bitterly opposed what he termed an abnormal taste, she was forced to clandestine draughts at the forbidden fount.

Upon this occasion she pursued her astonishing recreation until late in the afternoon. Then Sam's wife, Sally, appeared like a black crayon sketch in the square of the kitchen door.

"Miss Liney, har's Mis' Swisher," she announced. "She's outen de kitchen waitin' to see yo,' honey."

Madeline smiled up at the large-proportioned, kindly negress. Sally had nursed her in infancy and followed her fortunes to that wild region, dragging northward a reluctant spouse. Both negroes were old family servants. Their devotion to "Miss Liney" was that of parents to a beloved child. While to Madeline they represented home—her Virginia birthplace—and as necessary to happiness as sight. She, with her Southern training, was well content to allow Sally dominant sway in the cook-room, nor dreamed of distressing the negress by usurping her rights.

"Very well, Mammy, I'll come at once," Madeline assured the colored woman. She was not astonished that Mrs. Swisher had braved the inclement weather, nor surprised that the caller insisted upon remaining in the rear room. Settlement neighbors invariably circled the house until they found a rear entrance. To inveigle them into the front room resulted in mental paralysis; therefore Madeline met the visitor in the big, cheerful apartment that served as both dining-room and cook-room.

"I just run in a minute, Mis' Brett," the caller explained, in abrupt, jerky accents. She was an elderly woman with twinkling black eyes, a good-humored, whimsical face, and pudgy form. Her movements duplicated the quick abruptness of a wren's. "I told Sarah, says I," she continued, " 'I'm a-going to the postoffice an' call at Brett's. I'm a-going to git out while I'm alive, for, so far's I know, I'll be a long time dead.' "

"I'm glad you came," Madeline heartily assured her. "Besides, the weather can't be very cold, or the snow would be powdery instead of wet."

"It's soft as mush," declared Mrs. Swisher. "The hull country'll wake up tomorrow naked as a picked goose. An' that'll suit the loggers. When the stay-for-winter snow does come, Steel and Hawley's men'll have a jubilee. As for me I don't care a d—, I mean a cuss," she hastily amended. "It don't make no difference whether the country's black or white. The more the men earn, the more they have to shove across Bender's counter for his devilish whisky. An' there's that gambling hole o' Sackett's. Pay nights it's open till God's sun puts out their lamps. Them men 'ud play on their wives' coffins with the coppers that shut down their poor, dead eyelids. I know 'em. Swisher can't fool me. It'll be a long day 'fore he shuts my eyes with coppers or anything else. An' as for m' mouth, he can't shut that a-tall."

Mrs. Swisher delivered her grewsome remarks with the utmost sprightliness. Like many country dwellers she reveled in topics of local dissipation. But what she stated was fact. She and many other women of the settlements had poverty-stricken cause to rail at conditions.

"If the men all lose, who gains?" Madeline asked, with a smile.

"Nordyke," snapped the woman, with black eyes ablaze. "He ain't content to grind the men on wages an' mighty near double their store account for chuck. On top o' that he takes a hand at cards, and pockets the poor fools' cash."

"How can Nordyke limit wages?" queried Madeline. "He's only the firm's bookkeeper."

"Mis' Brett, you're the manager's wife; but just the same I'll tell you what everybody knows. Nordyke's the real power. Don't he hire an' discharge, an' never ask Brett? Ain't he the one that handles every cent of the firm's cash either for wages or timber? Didn't he do his level best to keep on that sneak o' a Thomson till the men selling logs threatened tar an' feathers?"

"I know nothing of business affairs," confessed Madeline. "Mr. Brett never speaks of his work—or worries."

"Mr. Brett's all right," hastily proclaimed her caller. "You oughta hear what he's named in camp. Them lumberjacks 'ud name the saints in Paradise. An' he's known, far an' near, as Square Sill Brett. It mean the same as honest."

"I'm glad Donald's nickname is so complimentary," declared his wife. She had joined Sally before the clean-scrubbed pine bake table, and was preparing a plate of cake and cup of chocolate for her guest.

"Don't you go to any such bother," remonstrated Mrs. Swisher. But when Madeline placed the steaming cup in her hands and the plate of brown cake on the protesting caller's lap, she knew her ministration gave unbounded pleasure.

"What you makin,' Sally?" Mrs. Swisher sociably inquired.

"Gingerbread," Sally informed her without formality.

"One egg or two?"

"Two," admitted the colored cook. "But w'en de hens don' lay I kin git along outen any."

"Come to meetin' Sunday night an' hear the Quaker woman," invited Mrs. Swisher as she rose to go. "She's sent here from Indiana to convert us heathen, an,' so far's I'm concerned, I wish her luck. Nothin' human could give me religion that 'ud last over pay day. I get so blazing mad m' temper most sets my hair afire. Anyway, come over."

Mrs. Swisher shut the door behind her with a snap, and proceeded on her way to the gossip-exchange at Nuveen's store. After her departure, Madeline covered the dining table with glossy linen, added dainty china, cut glass that had been wedding presents, silver burnished to the last degree of brightness, then invaded the big corner pantry in quest of edibles.

"Now, Miss Liney, honey, don' yo' bodder yo'seff," objected Sally while she vigorously beat waffles in readiness for the hot iron.

"I must do something, or I'll die of inaction," declared her mistress. "I'll become as useless as an oyster."

"I nebber yet saw anybody die o' laziness," scoffed Sally. "If laziness kills, my Sam 'ud been dead 'for I ebber see him."

The sound of Brett's team passing to the barn warned the cook to hasten her hot bread. Presently the manager seated himself opposite Madeline at the bountifully spread table, and approvingly noted viands that were the proud achievement of one of the best cooks of the old South.

"Hal Roth's family lost a child last night," he remarked. The news item was volunteered with unusual sociability. Good food and warm fires after a day of exposure induced geniality, even if the theme lacked cheer. Then, as his wife's face mutely questioned, he added laconic particulars. "Pneumonia, probably; those people are at sea when anything's wrong. Their experience ends with ague and rheumatism."

After this brief colloquy the man settled to silent enjoyment of his dinner. But Madeline talked while, like the ocean's undertow, her thoughts flowed beneath the chatter in another direction.

"The poor mother didn't know," she mused. "Like myself she was ignorant of the means to save her child. If I'd suspected the need I might have rescued that life, been of use."

Poignantly she regretted her husband's opposition to her aiding the settlement families. He loathed a woman practitioner; he hated a hint of unfemininity. But with no physician within thirty miles, and people dying for want of simple aid, her life-saving instinct roused her to rebellion.

The small clock on the bookcase neared the hour of eight when heavy steps heralded the arrival of Brinkley and the scaler. Then the door swung wide showing a square of night, and on its matte of blackness the stranger who was to become a member of the Brett househould.

"Here's your log-reckoner, Brett," was the foreman's introduction. Then, edging back into the night, he continued: "Guess I'll go back and get some sleep. Them teamsters quarrel like tomcats over first place in the morning. Have to be up an' settle 'em. Good evening."

As Brett presented the newcomer to his wife, she perceived that the stranger's personality proclaimed the gentleman, a man of innate refinement and culture. Instantly she felt overwhelming relief. Her chilling reserve changed to cordial greeting.

"You've entered the heart of a wilderness," she smiled. "But I believe it's worth while."

"If nature proves hard-hearted," he returned, with a comprehensive glance at his surroundings, "this would amply compensate."

"You're really employed here in a double capacity," Brett informed the scaler, during their ensuing business talk. "We are cutting and hauling logs for the Blair mill. You not only appraise the amount of the Steel and Hawley timber, but you report to that firm. I'll have you hand in the week's scale there Saturday."

While the manager discussed plans, the newcomer allowed his glance to stray over the fastidious furnishings; then his gaze rested on the woman who was the magnificent gem of this rich setting. Never had she been more transcendently beautiful. The olive of her satin skin was flushed as fire might glow thru alabaster; the great eyes, black as sloes, gleamed with animation; the arched lips curved ready for the smile that illumined the pale face like a blaze of sunlight.

"She's an exotic amid snowfields," he thought. "An orchid doomed to the fate of a mistletoe."

"Where is your residence?" the manager was inquiring. "You are not a native of Manistee, that town of mills and lumbermen."

The stranger delayed answer until it seemed that he had not heard. Then he faced the manager with frankly open eyes that held no guide. "I'm something of a wanderer," he said simply. "There's no spot that I may claim as home."

Brett perceived that his new employe possessed a touch of his own reticence. Therefore he desisted questioning, and lapsed into a smoke enveloped reverie.

When Mann retired to the room formerly used by his predecessor, his mind was a confusion of scenarios—undulating forest, a lumber camp and its inmates, but, clearer than all, was imaged the beautiful face of Madeline Brett, reigning spirit of that wilderness home.

CHAPTER III.

FORREST MANN, clad in gray wamus, with trousers thrust into high, spike-heeled boots, might have posed as a typical knight of the timber. Nor was any crusader more nobly employed than the great army of men who opened the way for civilization. All about was the doomed forest, while many an ax and saw swung the requiem of giant pines. In every direction new-made roads converged on the main highway, and, ranged on these at intervals, were the log piles that Mann was to scale and have his assistant stamp with the company's symbol.

"Brinkley," called Brett to his foreman, "send Bob Stray here. I want him to stamp for the scaler." Brett was instructing his new tally man concerning the work. And as the first necessity was a man to wield the iron sledge marked with the firm's "S. H.," he summoned aid.

"That," thought Mann, "is the lad with the forgotten past." Again he recalled the familiar aspect of the boy's delicate face and again his deep blue eyes grew thoughtful—and troubled. Then Brett's voice claimed his attention.

"These skidways north of the road," the manager explained, "are Blair's. Steel and Hawley purchased a section of the Blair timber, and we pay in delivered logs. All these logs are to be marked with the stamp, 'B.' Please rush the tally on that lot, and have the teamsters run them in. We're behind."

Brett now departed for some other part of the woods, leaving Mann and his helper to their task. Near them Hilliker and Haywire Hank bit canthooks into the ends of a huge elm that was to cap the next skidway.

"Now, boys, hook 'er up!" cried Brinkley. Then, "Look out!" he yelled. "That there end is sluing. Quick!"

By a narrow margin the timber missed the pinnacle and rolled back almost to the heels of the old skidding oxen.

"Judas Priest!" squeaked Hank. "Wan't them cattle born in luck!"

"And you, too, you fool!" stormed Hilliker. "If you hain't saved for hanging, you'd be dead. That elm 'most got you."

The exhilaration of open air labor sent the blood coursing thru the scaler's veins like old wine. With deft fingers he applied the tally rule to log ends and jotted results in his notebook. Instantly, at a signal, Bob Stray swung the great hammer and imprinted deeply the raised letters on its face.

"This atmosphere is good to live on," Mann remarked, as he finished the first skidway.

"You won't think that by noon," prophesied Bob. "You'll be glad to stow beans by the quart and wish each one 'ud swell to the size of potatoes."

Mann laughed and glanced at his helper; but Bob had relapsed into his dream condition with introspective gaze fixed on the surrounding forest. His manner was that of one striving to find the answer to a perplexing query, one vital in importance but elusive as a specter.

"Of what are you thinking, Bob?" questioned Mann. Compassion for the youth struggled with that other sensation—undefined apprehension—that had filled his mind. And pity triumphed.

"I'm trying to remember, always to remember," said the youth, in a low tone. "I'm always trying to remember where I belong, where I came from. It's like the dream you had last night yet can't bring back. I try and try. Seems to me if I could get a single clew—my name or my home town—the rest would come like unraveling a snarl."

"Have you tried to catch your name when accidentally spoken or in print? If it's an ordinary one, you must hear it often. It might strike an answering chord."

"Yes," Bob assured him, dejectedly. "I've listened close when men were speaking to one another. But my name must be unusual, for I never seem to hear it. As for print, my knowledge of that went, too. I'm trying to learn, but it's slow work."

"Let me help," cried Mann. "Mrs. Brett won't mind your coming for an hour in my room occasionally. By spring you'll read as well as ever. What do you say?"

"I say it's grand," ejaculated Bob, with eyes shining. "But I can't have you troubled for me. It's too much."

"Never mind the trouble; it's a bargain," declared Mann. Once more he gazed pityingly at the victim of aphasia. But the lad's image would not fit itself into the correct niche of time and place. Finally he was forced to believe that Bob merely resembled some former acquaintance. Not for a moment would he hesitate in well-doing because his philanthropic plan of education might become the quicksand of his own undoing, might rend the veil drawn across his own past—a life history that was not forgotten, like Bob's but blazed with lurid memories.

The week slipped rapidly into the last working day—the day when the new scaler was to accompany the supply team to Blair's mill and report the "B" tally and then on to the Company's store where the "S. H." scale was turned in to the firm's bookkeeper.

Even at that moment Mann stood waiting for Jule Faveraux and his fractious team of blacks. Near by Paul Duff and Jack Winters, two stalwart choppers, swung double-bitted axes that curved and fell with even stroke. As the flashing blades neared the heart of the pine there came the loud screech of rending fibers. Then the monarch swayed dizzily, settled toward the deeper gash, and rushed downward.

"Timber!" warned the choppers, in the well-known cry, and sped for safety. With a writhe, the falling monster twisted slightly on its base, and seemed to pursue its fleeing enemies as if intent on vengeance, but finally settled with a crash and was still. Immediately Mike Munshaw and Moss Higbee appeared with a gleaming crosscut saw, and soon the deep-toothed blade sang a high-pitched, musical chime.

"Retty, Meester Mann," called Jule, and the two were off, twisting and turning, down the roadway that led to Muskrat Lake.

Jule's conversational power—always unexcelled—was expended in managing King and Queen.

"Stetty now," he admonished. "Tat's fuss rate. Hol' on, Queen, you debbil! Tare, tat's bully. Now, King, you lazy peast, keep up. By gar, I'll show you! How's tat? On wiz you. Sacre! Tat's one gran' trot."

Thus he ejaculated while the road spun away beneath the rattling wheels. Several times he turned out for the accommodation of nodding teams that plodded back with empty trucks. On either hand bare, brown forest walled the way. At the left miles of timbered hills and vales rolled southward like a wave-tossed sea. Presently the forest avenue abruptly ended. And below them, outspread like a gigantic painted canvas, lay the Blair buildings and the hill-girdled expanse of Muskrat Lake.

Above, the densely clouded sky arched in a dome of softened gray that tinted the unruffled water to glistening silver. Right and left the eternal hills reared loftily and were mirrored on the lake in prismatic colors. At the extreme west lay the long, golden crest of Sleeping Bear's famous sand dunes. And beyond them heaved the ravening black waters of Lake Michigan where Agache huddled among the sheltering pines of a deep wide bay.

"Whip up them black cats," Bill Watson jeered, as Jule swerved to pass at the steep dugway's crest. The teamster's thick curls outrimmed his cap's brim, his brown eyes twinkled. "If you don't, you'll be home late for Christmas. Speed 'em up."

"Das so?" retorted Jule. "Well, Agache's a fuss-rate place for stop. Heap skinawaubo at Bender's!" cried Jule, and struck his mettlesome team into a sharp trot. Just then the blacks heard escaping steam from the mill's exhaust and bolted. Down the dugway's incline they sped until opposite buildings at their left.

"Jump!" yelled Jule. "Tat's Blair's meel!"

Mann precipitately obeyed. When he regained his feet Jule and the blacks were circling the lake road past Steel and Hawley's rollways. He knew that the Frenchman was in control of the runaways, but the incident had the result of unceremoniously dumping him, unintroduced, at the door of a stranger.

For several rods he traversed a sawdust road among lumber and slab piles, and on to the big red mill, fire-guarded along its ridge by sentinel water barrels and flanked at the rear by the millpond covered by floating logs. Close to the building he passed the sawdust chute slowly disgorging its yellow stream that was the forest's lifeblood. Beyond the engine-room he turned into the lower mill and ascended a short stair to the working floor above. Sounds of bedlam filled the air, roar of machinery and scream of saws. Therefore the scaler stood, unnoted by the mill hands, glancing about for some man who might be Blair.

As he thus stood watching the scene of activity, a log of maple deliberately followed an endless chain to the steam carriage. Immediately the iron kicker shunted it to place, whereupon the "nigger" bobbed serenely up from the lower region and levered it to position. By the flashing circle of toothed steel stood Billy Balsam, the old sawyer, lever in hand and signaling his "setter" like a wielder of destiny. He leaned forward in rapt attention, with his deep-socketed, gray eyes fixed on the advancing log. His spare, bowed frame, his intelligent, care-worn face, with the narrowed gaze of one deafened by machinery's roar, the nervous, bony hand grasping the lever and the whirling, gleaming saw at his side, formed a study suited for a cast in bronze.

For years he had been rooted to that spot, turning a forest into lumber at his will. He now levered forward the log until, with a high-pitched, hideous scream, the saw ate its way thru the oncoming timber. Entranced, Mann watched the scene until the firm touch of a hand on his arm recalled him to the present time and his errand. With a start, he turned to confront a young woman clad in a short-skirted suit of brown corduroy with cap to match and high-laced boots of tan. Dark eyes gazed at him scrutinizingly with fearless, open glance. The girl's strongly marked and handsome features possessed a dark witchery; the full red lips slightly curled at the corners in readiness for laughter.

Motioning Mann to follow, she preceded him down the narrow stairway to the mill yard. As she moved before him the scaler noted her swift, light step, her graceful carriage, eloquent of much outdoor living—the ease of action natural to a sportsman or his forest-environed game. In the open she paused, turning with a laugh that revealed the even white teeth of perfect health, while her large eyes gleamed with mirthful appreciation of their strange meeting.

"Pardon my not speaking," she said in clear, decisive tones. "My vocal powers were not equal to that hubbub. It's deafening."

Mann raised his hat in a delayed action of civility. "I'm the scaler acting in the service of both Steel and Hawley and this mill. Will you kindly direct me where to find Blair, the owner?"

The girl's dark eyes regarded him with astonishment.

"I am Blair," she said simply. "Weren't you told?"

Mann stared in blank amazement. Why hadn't Brett explained. Could it be possible that this girl had charge of a mill, acted as foreman of a mill crew? Yet her statement was sincere. She appeared, in turn, to wonder at his discomfiture. But, considering her identity sufficiently established, she again signaled him to follow.

"I want you to examine one of Thomson's rollways," she commanded. "They're a fraud, a clear cheat. I won't accept them. I've been waiting to see you and have you rescale the whole lot."

Once more Mann noted her firm, quick step, her imperious manner, and into his heart there crept the conviction that this woman could beckon him on thru life, and that he would gladly respond.

"See what Thomson thought fit to send," she cried, pausing at the bank of a stream—inlet to the lake—where a rollway had been evidently sidetracked. "See that, and that, and that!" she said, pointing. "Do you think I'll pay for such timber—shakes, hollowhearts, punkwood? Never! I want you to rescale them and have the sum taken from my account."

Pausing, she intently studied the man who was to decide this matter of gain or loss. She wished to discover the sort of man with whom she dealt. The Company's scaler, in turn, stared at the condemned rollway. His face darkened with anger at what he saw—logs blackened with rot, hollow with decay, whitened with punk.

"Thomson must have been mad," he commented. "No man in his senses would scale such stuff. If I had my scaler's rule——" he began, but the girl understood. Her face had lightened as his own darkened. She knew her cause was won.

"I'll get mine," she offered." "I scale every stick that enters or leaves the yard. Wait."

Leaving him by the river, she hastened toward the mill. And again he noted her lithe movements of inexpressible grace while he marveled that a young girl should be forced to meet difficulties that would try the nerve and business acumen of a lumber expert. Presently she reappeared with the figure-covered scale rule.

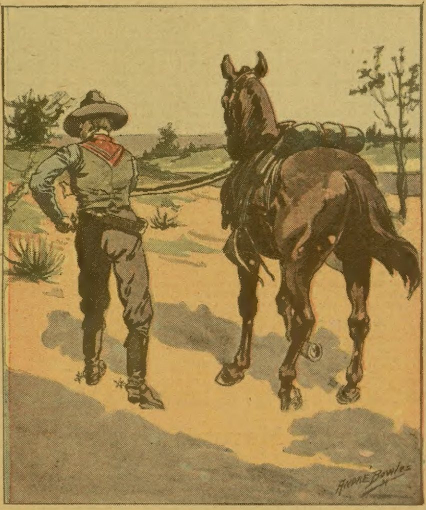
"Thomson flatly refused to reconsider them," she told him. "The men did well to make the place too hot for

(Continued on page eleven.)

The Eagle's Brood

A Stirring Story of Love, Perfidy and Fighting on the Rio Grande

By E. W. Bateman



"By the gods of Yucatan!"

[Copyright 1915 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 47, November 20. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER IV.

JOURNEMAR and Seaforth kept their rifles going steadily into the camp-fire circles until the space was cleared, and they knew by the answering fire that the escape was covered. Then they ceased, for a fearful thing faced the occupants of Spur-2 ranch-house. Rifle ammunition was running short!

"John Yoka," called Journemar, and the Jap came padding silently into the room.

"Hold your fire until you have to spend a bullet," he said quietly. "We've got to pull thru the night if we can. By nine o'clock tomorrow morning we can look for aid from the Lazy Y, but not until then."

Each man took his station again, and for a moment quiet reigned over the entire valley. Only the camp-fires and an occasional drunken shout caused the watchers to know their besiegers were still there.

A Mexican is a one-idea sort of person, and Journemar had every reason to believe they would try to burn the house again. He and Seaforth were not surprised to hear John Yoka's rifle crack and to see the calm Oriental walk into the front room again.

"I killed the son of a pig," he said, with contempt in his voice. "But he threw something at our home which spluttered like an old woman with a fit. It is not good."

Seaforth cried out and rushed to the side window.

"Just what I feared!" he shouted to Journemar. "A hand grenade made of dynamite. We'll have to get out of this quickly."

Journemar's mind acted swiftly. "We have but one chance in the world," he said quickly. "We must creep out now and make a dash for their own horses. There is a fine chance that two or three of them will be saddled, and we may make it while they are searching the house—after that thing goes off."

Hastily the men prepared their way. John Yoka collected a tiny bundle of trinkets in his kitchen, and came back with his rifle and a six-shooter strapped on. In his hand, without a scabbard, he carried a Japanese sword, short and ugly, which gleamed dully in the light of the moon. Journemar carried only his rifle and two six-shooters. Seaforth had only the rifle that was loaned him. Journemar opened the door cautiously, and they crept forth in the moonlight. Then, with Journemar leading the way, they rushed for the far ranch fence.

Behind them the ranch-house was all quiet, and for a moment Seaforth felt as if he had made a vast mistake, for perhaps the bomb, being crudely made, would not go off.

A dull roar shook the ground under their feet, and a great glare lit up the whole valley like the flash of a photographer's camera light. It was but an instant, but quite long enough to reveal the little party of three which had nearly reached the fence.

With a shout the Mexicans set out in chase, and it was a handicap race, with the odds on the pursuers. The pursued had to reach the horses ahead of their enemies, and the enemies knew in a moment what the game would be.

Three Mexican vaqueros guarded the stake line, and their horses were the only ones in the bunch saddled. Journemar did not raise his rifle from his hip, but when only thirty yards away he shot a surprised guard out of his saddle. John Yoka kept coolly on, and tho another fired almost in his face, a sword gleaming dully in the moonlight disturbed his aim. He was out of the saddle and the Jap caught his horse and tried to swing it in the way of the other, but he was quick enough. The guard fled like one possessed.

"Go on!" shouted Seaforth. "It is my fate."

The Jap glanced at the Mexicans only a few dozen rods away, but Journemar did not seem to hear. He wheeled and fired into the advancing horde so rapidly that they shrank away. Yoka followed suit. Strangely, tho, the Mexicans did not fire. They simply flew to whatever cover the plain gave them.

"They want to take us alive," said Journemar, under his breath. "They think they'll get big ransom. Ah, here comes a real fight!"

Some twenty horsemen dashed toward the little party which so dauntlessly held its ground. In their vanguard came a man who sat on his horse unlike a plains rider, and who seemed to think nothing of the three rifles spitting death at him.

"Quit shooting," he shouted to them in English, and Journemar gasped. It was Logdson.

For answer Journemar shot Logdson's horse dead within twenty feet of himself, and then, pulling his six-shooter, fired into the faces of the men about him. Two fell from the saddle and then others sprang upon him.

Out of the corner of his eye the big Norseman could see the dull sword of the Jap swish thru the air, and he heard the gasp of the Mexicans who felt it. Seaforth had clubbed his rifle, and was striking quick, short blows that were scientifically deadly. Then the Norseman smiled grimly and went mad with his fists. His guns were empty, but he did not care. He could not win the battle, and he knew it, but he prolonged it.

In Matamoras today you might find some warriors, who, with sufficient plying of mescal, could tell you the story "some one else told him" of the "beeg gringo" who fought all the army for the liberation in one night.

With his iron arms once free, the old days of the gridiron seem to come back to the mighty Journemar. He smashed bodies with his elbows until the attackers screamed with pain and slunk away. Knives were flashing for him in the hands of twenty men when Logdson dashed into the midst of them.

"Stop, you fools!" and he dashed warily at the big man who came to meet him.

It was a terrible battle while it lasted. Logdson, short and gorilla-like, grappled with Journemar, and like two great bulls they wrestled until the former groaned like a wounded lion under the terrific pressure of the bands of iron that held him tight. Yet it was fatal for the hopes of the latter. Twenty men dashed forward and twenty bodies were hurled upon him as he went down under the weight of the first dash.

Breathless and bound tightly around the arms, he was dragged to his feet. Seaforth and John Yoka had long since shared a like fate, altho around the sword of the latter was ringed a grewsome litter of dead.

There was no delay, with Logdson driving the poor Mexicans who seemed to be under his very lash. In a moment the dead were gathered and were on the way to the ranch with the others who had fallen victims to the terribly accurate fire of the defenders. The captives were led there.

Journemar saw that the complete ruin of his home was coming, and swore at the leader of the gang. "If you love your hide, you dog," he snarled at Logdson, "finish me also. For if I ever get the chance to reckon with you I'll make you pay double interest for this."

The other man only smiled and pointed at the banner carried by a horseman in the front of the band. "Military necessity, you know," he said, with a laugh. "I wouldn't have done it if it could have been helped. Hurry with those bodies, men, and put them in the house. Then bring several bundles of hay."

His orders were quickly filled, and a moment later flames were licking around the splintered walls, which made the funeral pyre of nearly a score of Mexicans.

"Now, my friends, we are going for a little journey," said Logdson with a quiet but terrible smile. "At the end of it a different fate awaits each of you—if you act wisely. Bring horses," he ordered, and it was only a moment before four mounts were led into the glare of the burning ruins. He mounted one and had the prisoners tied into the saddles of the others. Then he called to a lieutenant, who detailed ten men to follow the quartet. He set the others to rounding up the frightened cattle, pounding about the home pasture. Others rode to the south fence line to cut down the wire.

For half an hour the noise of drumming hoofs and the sight of flying cattle filled the little valley. The trail of the cavalcade led directly toward the river—the boundary line of two nations.

Dawn came, and two coyotes could be seen nosing about the ruins of the Spur-2 ranch-house. Except for these nothing moved—unless it was an occasional whirlwind which sent a shower of feathery ashes into the air.

CHAPTER V.

RAGE tore the hearts of a band of twenty cowboys who, led by Phil Alden, dashed up to the Spur-2 Ranch five hours later. The empty space where the ranch-house had stood showed them from afar that something tragic had happened, but none of them expected the sight which met their eyes. It was terrible. The barns, the corral fences, and the house were smoking ruins.

Like one possessed Phil Alden dashed into the ashes until he came across the first grewsome thing which he half-expected and yet hoped against hope not to find. His companions followed him, and they soon counted a total of charred bodies—unrecognizable but still in human shape—that convinced them all a hard fight had taken place before the defense had succumbed.

"That ol' Steve boy could shore fight," said Big Six Taylor, foreman of the Lazy Y. "I bet my saddle he caved in the ribs of a dozen afore they found out he couldn't ward off knives with his hide."

Tears streamed down the face of Alden as he tried to answer and could not. His brother of the blood, the man who had shared his bed and his food and who fought for him was dead. He had given his life for an alien and a total stranger. For a moment the heart of the rancher burned hot within him, and he hated Seaforth and the girl whom he had saved. Then he stifled the feeling, for he realized that the one was dead and the other helpless in a world apart from her own. What would the girl do?

"Boys, if you don't mind, I'll ride down to the river to look at our fences," Alden said at last. The men, sensing that he wanted to be alone, did not demur. He rode off toward the boundary line of the two nations, following unconsciously the line of march of the freebooters. His eyes, trained to the trail, took in the little things that made it read like a book to him.

He was thinking how hard it was for a man like Steve Journemar to be dead—dead before his time, and at the hand of a lot of bandits. "I could almost believe that he's not dead, if it was not for that pile of—of things," Alden thought to himself, as he rode along the trail of hundreds of hoofs, all cutting deep, for the cattle that had made them were being driven hard.

Just why he looked to the right of the trail Phil Alden never knew, but he saw fluttering there a wee patch of cloth so small that it seemed almost a shred. It was not that which attracted his eye, tho.

He rode up and snatched it as he sprang from his saddle. It was a tiny patch from the shirt of Steve Journemar!

"By the gods of Yucatan," mused the rancher. "If Steve Journemar and his shirt were burned in that fire, how could a patch of it get down here? Well, and what's this?"

He studied the cloth so intently that he was able to make out a rude character drawn with human blood. "I may be just plain nuts, but that looks like a 'P' to me," Alden mused to himself. "By gosh, I have it now! They're taking Steve off, and he managed to tear off a piece of his shirt and put this on for a guide. He had a notion I'd ride down this trail."

He sprang to his horse and was ready to dash back to the waiting cowmen, when suddenly a new thought came to him. "If they took Steve away, their game is for us to follow them," he thought. "I know them too well not to figure some game when they take the trouble to make captives. Why not follow them single-handed?" The idea appealed to him so strongly he did not mention the cloth to his followers. They rode back to the Lazy Y Ranch at a leisurely pace.

Phil Alden was deputized to tell the "gal," as the cowmen called Miss Seaforth, of the double loss they had suffered. Yet it was no story of woe that he brought her. They were barely alone before the eyes of the rancher lit up with the hope which had grown steadily within him since he had found the bit of shirt on the trampled path to the river.

"I can only tell you what we found, Miss Seaforth," he concluded his tale with saying. "But I tell you, also, I do not believe they are dead. I disbelieve it so strongly that tonight I am going to ride south of that line on that open trail—and to follow it to the very end. This is a game in which numbers and strength do not count. Only cunning will tell the winner's good fortune—range and trail cunning—to bring those men out alive."

He was in such deadly earnest he could not see the new hope and the sweet admiration the face of the girl showed to any one who might have looked. Indeed, he did not know how much of a man he looked as he stood there vowing, with only a few quiet words, that he would "see it thru." Then there flashed in her smile a bit of resolve that made her charming.

"You need one companion," she said. "At least one, if no more. My brother—brother of my own blood—is at the end of the trail you have sworn to follow. I am going, too."

Evidently she expected to have an argument, for she advanced on him with a finger shaking laughingly in his face as he started to protest. The range shyness came back at once, and he stammered and blushed like a schoolboy, while he blurted out: "You could never stand the pace."

"You thought I couldn't stand the pace of that ride, but I led you to the Lazy Y," she answered with spirit. "What was your plan for the trip?"

She was a diplomat, as all women are. He instantly forgot to argue, and told her of his ideas formulated on the return trip from the ruined Spur-2 Ranch. He was going to dress as a Mexican vaquero returning to his home below Monterey with the money he had saved from working with the "gringos." He was going to follow the little-used trails and avoid bandits all that was possible. A small growth of beard and a little walnut stain, he figured, would be the only make-up needed.

"Suppose that vaquero had a little Mex brother who had been in the gringo schools for the year, while the other worked on the plains? Suppose they were both riding home to the south of Monterey—wherever that is? Do you suppose, Mr. Alden, that walnut stain would look well on my face?"

Unquestionably she had him "gone," as the picturesque range lads would have branded it just then. He could only stammer and blush when he was forced to gaze directly—and only a few inches away—at a soft expanse of white and rosy skin.

"I—I don't know," he finally managed to say, and then broke ground. He raved a little about the danger, and when a man raves a woman has won the battle.

"You will make an admirable husband for some young woman, Mr. Alden," she said, severely, but with a pout that belied the tone. "You fuss so well. May I go?"

He looked about helplessly and then as she started toward him again he gave in—surrendered without the slightest honors of war.

She was to go, disguised as his younger brother. Her Spanish was so far from the provincial tongue that she was to say little or do little. They were both to dress as Mexican lads of the middle class, with a little money and a horse each. It was not uncommon, and Alden took hope. She would make an admirable companion, and he admired her fighting qualities which made her "stay" with any hope of her brother's life. To save his life—possibly on account of their queer meeting—he couldn't count her as a woman. She didn't fit any of his simple ideas of the sex. Miss Seaforth had seen it early, and was taking full advantage of it in a gentle and entirely feminine way.

Alden obtained the disguises before dusk, and Miss Seaforth got the walnut stain from the ranch-house supplies without any questions asked; the West is not inquisitive. She measured it in two smaller vials, and gave Alden one at dusk when he handed her a tightly wrapped bundle.

Two hours later Phil Alden called Big Six Taylor aside and told him that he and Miss Seaforth were going to leave the ranch the next morning at dawn to ride to San Antonio. There the young lady was to take a train for the East. They would leave before the rest of the house was stirring.

The explanation was quite enough for the foreman of the ranch, and he just casually mentioned it to his wife an hour later, as they met in the hallway after that good woman had seen the girl to her bedroom. There was nothing said the next morning, then, when the two had gone.

However, the eyes of Big Six and his spouse might have shown a mild curiosity had they been an hour's ride on the other side of the line when the sun first peeped over the hills. They would have seen a tall Mexican vaquero and a slender Mexican youth riding the horses of their guests of the night before. And they would have been greatly interested, no doubt, if they could have heard the earnest conversation going on between the two—Phil Alden and Miss Seaforth!

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great deal if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscriptions and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

Mardi Gras Mysteries.

Or, THE CRIME CARNIVAL QUEEN

By Marquis James

[Copyright 1915 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 45, November 6. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Stanbury McKenzie, the lover, stepped from his hotel a few hours later, after a change of clothes and a shave—the wound on his neck freshly bandaged by the hands of the house physician—he felt like a new man. He felt that he had done a good day's work, and resolved to rest his mind with a little recreation before he plunged into the mystery anew on the morrow. He anticipated keenly his interview with Villere. Then, too, he meant to scour the district where he knew the bandit den to be located, and find the house in which Helen Shirley was held a prisoner.

He walked aimlessly down streets, which seemed singularly bare and deserted—denuded as they were of their resplendent colored lights, and depopulated of the Mardi Gras throngs. His steps took him into the French section. He wandered into a quaint-appearing old house. It looked like a tavern. And something of a tavern it was—or had been in days gone by. It was the Old Absinthe House.

It was nine o'clock on Wednesday night. Such was the day and the hour Francois Villere had been commanded to meet there with the woman who called herself Mlle. Iberville. The command had been given by the woman when she had upset Villere's plans to rob the Shirley home in advance of Mlle. Iberville's band an take Helen to Cuba.

McKenzie was ignorant of all this when he strolled into the large, low-ceilinged room. Tables were set about on the sawdust-covered floor. McKenzie took a seat near the door and watched with enchanted interest the French men and women chattering away in their native tongue over their absinthe, just as they had done in the same room one hundred years ago. Not being an absinthe drinker, McKenzie ordered a little light wine.

Presently he noted a young woman enter. She wore a long cloak and a motoring hood. McKenzie could not help but admire her even, attractive features and deep blue eyes. She seated herself at a table not far from the engineer. A waiter was at her side in a moment.

"I will not be served now," she told him. "I am waiting for some one."

"Oui, mademoiselle," replied the obsequious waiter, bowing deferentially.

McKenzie thought he sensed a trace of anxiety in her voice. He scanned her face. Lines of deep concern marred her pretty brow. McKenzie became interested.

The woman had not removed her long cloak. She fingered a glove nervously. Ever and again she glanced at the big clock which stands at the end of the room. The big hand moved along. Five, ten, fifteen minutes after nine o'clock passed. McKenzie ordered another glass of wine, and resolved to wait until nine-thirty and then approach the woman, ask her if she was not in distress, and offer to aid her.

But when the hand of the clock was on the twenty-five-minute mark, she arose and slipped out of the door as quickly and quietly as she came. McKenzie's first impulse was to follow her, but he thought better of it. One mystery on his hands was enough.

He lingered over his second beverage, but his mind would not dispel the vision of the beautiful young woman, so evidently disappointed and distressed. He was still gazing contemplatively at the door thru which the woman had made her exit, when it opened again. A man, well-dressed, dark-skinned, and evidently a Creole, paused on the threshold and surveyed the room with rapid, eager—and as McKenzie thought—apprehensive glances. Then he advanced a few paces and beckoned the head waiter.

"My name is Villere," McKenzie heard the stranger say. "Has one of your patrons tonight left any message for me?"

"No, monsieur," replied the waiter, "I have no message for a M. Villere."

"Are you certain?" the question came quickly.

"Absolutely certain, monsieur."

Villere's brow clouded.

"That is strange," he muttered, as one who speaks his thoughts aloud, "very, very strange." Then he addressed the head waiter again.

"I had an appointment to meet a young lady here at nine o'clock," he explained, "but unfortunately I was detained. I thought possible she had come, and, not finding me here, departed, leaving word."

"If monsieur would describe her," responded the courteous waiter, "I could tell you if she was here."

Villere described the woman McKenzie had watched so intently.

"Ah, yes," said the waiter, "she was here no more than ten minutes ago."

"By which door did she leave and——"

Villere did not wait to complete his question, much less tarry for an answer. His eye fell upon McKenzie, and he darted thru the door, leaving the head waiter nonplused. McKenzie dashed after him.

Patrons who had watched the mining engineer during Villere's conversation with the waiter had witnessed a strange sight. They saw him study the face of the newcomer searchingly when he first entered. Then they saw an expression of recognition sweep his countenance. It was a look of hate. They saw McKenzie clinch his fists, and as he was about to leap upon the stranger, the latter saved himself by precipitous flight.

McKenzie had recognized him. He recognized him as the man who had looted a mine in South America and who had attempted to throw suspicion upon the young mining engineer. Indeed, he had succeeded so well that McKenzie was in custody several days until the matter was made clear. But in South America his name was not Villere. He called himself Paul Du Pointe. McKenzie had sworn to take his revenge, and was prepared to take it in man's fashion, but this had been an unexpected meeting. No longer did he question but that Villere played a black hand in the murder and kidnaping mystery.

Villere dashed up a narrow street. McKenzie was hard after him and gaining. McKenzie was about to draw his revolver as he ran, but decided he would get more personal satisfaction out of catching Villere and smashing his face with his fists. Stanbury shortened the distance between himself and the fleeing man with remarkable rapidity.

Now there was but an arm's length between them. McKenzie reached out to grasp Villere by the collar. But just then the pursued man whirled and darted up a rickety stairway which ran up the rear of a four-story frame building. McKenzie followed him, but this unexpected turn had cost him distance in the race. Already Villere was halfway up the first flight, but McKenzie was not a man to be foiled

WISE WORDS

A Physician on Food.

A physician out in Oregon has views about food. He says:

"I have always believed that the duty of the physician does not cease with treating the sick, but that we owe it to humanity to teach them how to protect their health especially by hygienic and dietetic laws.

"With such a feeling as to my duty I take great pleasure in saying, that, in my own experience and also from personal observation, I have found no food to equal Grape-Nuts and that I find there is almost no limit to the great benefit this food will bring when used in all cases of sickness and convalescence.

"It is my experience that no physical condition forbids the use of Grape-Nuts To persons in health there is nothing so nourishing and acceptable to the stomach especially at breakfast to start the machinery of the human system on the day's work.

"In cases of indigestion I know that a complete breakfast can be made of Grape-Nuts and cream; and I think it is necessary not to overload the stomach at the morning meal. I also know the great value of Grape-Nuts when the stomach is too weak to digest other food.

"This is written after an experience of more than 20 years treating all manner of chronic and acute diseases, and the letter is voluntary on my part without any request for it."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

so readily. He bounded up the stairway, three steps at a jump.

Up they went, one flight, two flights. The stairs ended on the fourth floor at a little landing where there was a door. Without reckoning his peril, McKenzie pursued his foe. Just as Villere placed a foot on the landing McKenzie made a final leap to seize him.

But Villere, being above, had the odds in his favor. He turned, and dealing McKenzie a terrific blow on the jaw, sent him reeling against the fragile wooden banister. There was a crash as the railing gave way. On the brink of the ledge McKenzie fought valiantly to save himself. But it was a hopeless fight. Another cowardly blow from Villere! McKenzie lost his balance, and with a despairing cry, went sprawling into space.

In the darkness four stories below was an abandoned cistern, twelve feet deep—a yawning maw of death. "Suicide Pool," it was called, for, once a man had fallen in, there was no chance of escape by scaling the perpendicular walls. It was always suspected, however, that a good many of the so-called "suicides," in reality were murders.

Villere heard a splash as McKenzie's body hurtled onward, disappearing in the darkness. He laughed a mirthless laugh.

"Well," he chuckled. "I guess that ends him, anyway."

Blair and Villere met at the Tripoli cafe next day at the appointed hour. McKenzie was not there. Blair expressed surprise that the mining engineer should disappoint him, and was at a loss to explain the occurrence to Villere, but to Villere no explanation was necessary.

CHAPTER XII.

TWO days later Blair dropped from the front exit of a street car in the French quarter. He thought he already had located the house in which Helen was held prisoner, but he meant to make sure.

"Strange," he thought, "that man McKenzie never showed up as he said he would. Dollars to doughnuts the gang already has made off with him some way. And by the same token, I'd better be a little careful myself. But this thing will be cleared up in a week, at most. Then I'll blow the town. I've been here two years. That's too long for anybody to stay in one place."

Well had Blair reckoned that he had best be careful. As the reporter stepped from the front of the car, another man had left the rear platform. He dodged behind a carriage standing at the curb, and watched Blair, noting the direction he took.

The day was damp, and the fog which comes up from the gulf was dense. One could scarce see one hundred paces in front of him. This boded well for Francois Villere, who trailed the reporter with a gun in his pocket and murder in his heart. He had arrived at the conclusion that the newspaper man knew too much. If he was to get the girl from the clutches of Mlle. Iberville he had best put Blair out of the way first.

Blair turned and walked down a street that seemed deserted. The houses were old and falling into ruin. Few were occupied. This street, one of the oldest in New Orleans, had been almost entirely abandoned. Yet in the center of a block Blair noted a large stone house. Its compact, well-kept appearance was in strange contrast to the buildings on either side. With every shade behind the large windows carefully drawn, the ancient mansion presented a strikingly sinister aspect. It seemed to savor of mystery and hint of the plots hatched and dark deeds concocted behind its cold, gray walls.

"A fine place indeed the plotters have chosen for their headquarters. If I hadn't trailed members of the gang to that tunnel entrance thru the alley back there, I never would have found the place. Now, if I only had McKenzie to help me, we soon would locate the room in which the girl is kept. I'd have Roberts send a squad of his men down here in a jiffy, and we'd take them by surprise."

Thus the reporter mused. Villere, veiled in the fog, crept up closer behind him. He was waiting his chance.

He did not have long to wait. Blair, satisfied with his reconnoiterings, turned to go back to the car line. Villere halted on the corner and took his stand behind a telephone post where the reportere must pass. The reporter walked by unsuspectingly, whistling as he went. Villere whipped out his revolver and took deliberate aim at the figure retreating thru the fog.

Bang! A shot! A man reeled and fell. He was dead from a bullet in the back of his head. But the man was not Blair. It was Villere. The assassin had fired from across the street. He was one of Mlle. Iberville's men.

Two can play at the game of ambush. While Villere trailed Blair, Pierre, the gunman, had hounded Villere's steps, and his timely shot was all that had saved the intrepid reporter's life.

Blair, hearing the shot, turned, and seeing a man fall, ran toward him. He stooped over the corpse and recognized it. Instantly he surmised what had happened.

"Potted by a gunman of the gang," he told himself. "Well, here is where I clear out before I get the same medicine."

Policemen are scarce in that outlying, semi-deserted section of New Orleans, and Blair reached the car line unseen. He took the first car into town. He had another scoop.

CHAPTER XIII.

A WEEK had passed. Helen was still a prisoner in the stronghold of Mlle. Iberville. But trying as the strain was, she kept up her ruse well. The woman crime queen, thinking the drug that had been given the girl had affected her mind, relaxed the rigor of her imprisonment.

Helen was no longer confined to Mlle. Iberville's chamber except when she slept. She was given the freedom of the large house, saving, of course, certain secret chambers. There were rooms in this house of mystery to which Mlle. Iberville alone carried the key. Even her most trusted accomplices in crime were excluded from them.

Helen was permitted to stroll at will thru the broad, lavish downstairs and among the flowers of the sunlit inner courtyard. Mlle. Iberville in this respect was generous to her captive. She was cautious, however, and Helen was never out of the sight of the negro maid, who reported every action of the girl to her mistress. Helen knew that one false move would mean that she would be locked up, perhaps never to see the light of day again.

But her pose was assumed with such finesse that it would have deceived a wiser head than that of the negro servant who watched her. She would walk about with the staring, meaningless eyes of an idiot, or as one in a trance. To questions she would return purposely senseless answers. But all the time she was studying, scheming, devising some plan of escape. At the proper moment she determined to stake all on one frenzied dash for liberty.

Helen noted every door and every window of the house. She observed the members of Mlle. Iberville's command, learned their names, the places they slept, the hours they kept, and something of their duties. And once or twice she heard snatches of conversation between them which would not have been uttered within her hearing had they not thought her out of her normal mind. But never a word did the girl hear of the fate of her father. She never even once suspected the truth.

Helen was treated with the greatest of consideration by her captors. Tho she ate alone, her food was that of an epicure. She was given books to read, and was permitted, even encouraged, to play the piano and sing.

One morning Helen awakened with the sun shining full in her face. She sat up and blinked her eyes. Then the light which had troubled her leaped from her pillow to the wall of her room. She saw it had not been the sun alone that had roused her from her slumbers. It was a reflection from a strong mirror which caught the sun's rays somewhere outside.

She could scarce believe her own eyes when she read in the reflection on the wall this message:

"Have hope! Rescuer comes. Be ready at 11 o'clock."

Helen peered from the window. Straining her eyes she followed the white beam of the reflection. Far off, from the roof of an old cotton warehouse, she discerned the figure of a man. He was holding the mirror!

Helen's heart leaped! She ran to her dressing-table, seized a hand mirror, and with a piece of soap traced these words upon its surface:

"Can you read this?"

She leaned from the window, her long, slender arm moving the mirror to catch the reflection of the sun. In a moment she directed the reflection to the roof where the man stood. It was only a tiny white speck to her, but that the heliographed message was intelligible to her unknown friend was evident for this answer was flashed back:

"Yes."

Helen was busy again. She prepared this message:

"Come to second window on north side. Smash glass at 2 o'clock. I will be inside. Who are you?"

Helen, during her rambles about the house had chosen this window as offering the best avenue of a successful escape. She named the hour two o'clock since she knew at that time Mlle. Iberville and her gang would be at luncheon in another part of the house.

This was the reply the sunbeams carried back to Helen:

"Stanbury McKenzie, one you can trust. I will be there at 2."

Persons stirring within kept Helen from sending another message for fear she would be discovered. "Stanbury McKenzie, one whom you can trust." Helen repeated the sentence over again and again to herself. She turned over in her mind every person she had known or heard of, but the name still remained strange. She went back over schooldays. She named her classmates one by one. There was no Stanbury McKenzie she could recall.

"But at any rate," she concluded, "he is my friend, and a brave man. A brave, noble soul he must be indeed to tempt death to rescue me, a girl he does not know. Ah, he may be a friend of dad's. A business acquaintance of some sort. Poor dad! He must be worried to death over my disappearance."

Stanbury McKenzie's escape from death the night Villere knocked him from the fourth floor stairway was miraculous but simple. The splash the villain had heard was that of the wooden railing and not McKenzie's body, falling into "Suicide Pool." Clutching out blindly as he fell, by pure accident McKenzie had grasped the iron rung of a fire-escape. His vise-like grip closed about the bar, and he clung there, tho his arm was well nigh wrenched out of its socket. After a moment's rest he descended noiselessly and safely to the ground.

He at once began his labors to locate the house of Mlle. Iberville. A disguise as a street laborer allayed the suspicions of the gangsters who came and went from the castle of death. Stationing himself on the roof of the old cotton warehouse, three blocks away, with a powerful pair of field glasses he made out the sleeping form of the kidnaped girl thru the window. Heliographing messages by means of mirrors is an old device of long distance communication he had learned in the Andes Mountains.

CHAPTER XIV.

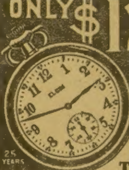
M'KENZIE'S plan was a desperate one. He would smash the window, dash into the house, hold attackers at bay with a gun in one hand, and with the other arm seize the girl, carry her into a waiting automobile, and speed away.

But while Helen had been in her room arranging this hazardous attempt at escape for two o'clock in the afternoon, Mlle. Iberville was sitting in council with the conspirators in the cave below.

"At noon this young girl dies," she announced grimly and with resolution, bringing her small fist down on the table with a bang. "I dislike to do it, but she must be poisoned. Her mother has not paid the $50,000. There is something strange in this. She is acting on the advice of others. It is dangerous for us to remain here any longer. I leave tonight for New York. But before I go I will make visits to several of the night cafes. I want to attract attention to myself in the underworld as of old. This boldness will tend to banish suspicions of my complicity in this murder.

"But my men, I advise you to scatter, to leave New Orleans at once. Meet me in New York—our regular meeting place on Second avenue—six months from today. Then we will discuss plans for our next year's Mardi Gras work."

Thus Mlle. Iberville ended an all night session. And a remarkable session it was. For even Mlle. Iberville herself did not disguise the fact that things had not turned out so well as they might. Never before had she lacked supreme confidence. Earlier in the evening two members of her band had brought in the proceeds of a haul obtained from blowing the safe of a big bank—some $20,000. This little job was pulled off



SPECIAL
ONLY $12.75
EASY TERMS
25 YEARS
30 Days FREE TRIAL!

Standard of the World. Endorsed by Government and Railway Officials. Harris-Goar's enlarged easy credit plan enables you to own one of these superb Elgin Watches now.

17-Jewel Elgin!

Now, during this Special Sale, is the time to buy this elegant 17-Jewel Elgin. Thoroughly factory tested, fitted in a beautiful Gold Strata case, factory stamped and guaranteed 25 years, hand engraved, plain polished or with your own monogram, and our startling offer is to send you this celebrated 1915 Model free of charge for your inspection and approval.

No Money Down

Because we want to prove to you that the great volume of our business actually enables us to do better by you than any other watch or diamond house in the world and that on this particular watch, we save you nearly half, for it sells regularly at $20 to $22, while our

Special Price is only $12.75

We don't want you to send one cent. Not a penny. Merely give us your full name and address that we may send you this superb 17-Jewel Elgin on approval, and if after you receive it and want to keep it, then we ask you to pay us the small sum of

Only $2 a Month But, if after you have worn it 30 days free and don't want to keep it, send it back at our expense. You assume no risk whatever. You do not buy or pay one cent until we have placed the watch right in your own hands for your own decision. We want no security, no interest, no red tape—just common honesty among men.

3 Fine Books FREE!

MR. HARRIS wants to send you his three latest BOOKS FREE—one the story of "THE DIAMOND," its discovery, where and how mined, cut and marketed; the other "FACTS VS BUNK" or all about the watch business, both at home and abroad; also our Big Free Illustrated Watch and Diamond Book. Write today—Do it now!

HARRIS-GOAR CO. Department 1735 Kansas City, Mo.

The House that Sells More Elgin Watches than Any Other Firm in the World.

FREE!

YES. This $15 Complete Working Outfit absolutely free. It does not cost a penny. Write today for my great offer.

Draw $150 to $300 a Month

Companies are calling for men to fill positions paying from $150.00 to $300.00 a month. I will give you just the training you need to hold one of the big jobs—right in your own home. I am Chief Draftsman of a large and well known company.

Write Today For my free book on drafting and my liberal "Personal Instruction" offer to a few students. A post card or letter will do. No obligations.

Chief Draftsman Dobe Engineers Equipment Co. Div. 5018 Chicago, Ill.

$8.00 All Wool Suit Made to Order

Linings and Trimmings Guaranteed for Two Years

Amazing low price for a suit made to your individual measure from your choice of cloth in latest fashionable style, guaranteed to fit you perfectly. We send big selections of cloth samples Free and save you half. Don't buy a suit or overcoat anywhere at any price until you see our samples and wonderful offer. Everything guaranteed.

The Old Woolen Mills Co., Dept. 10, Chicago

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im. diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold f. ring, set with a 1k Hawaiian im. diamond—in beautiful ring box postage paid. If this is satisfactory pay postmaster $1.25 to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If not satisfactory return at our expense and money refunded. Only 1,000 rings given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger

KRAUTH & REED DEPT. W. MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO

GO INTO MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

Small Capital Starts You on our easy payment plan. Begin now and get your share. We sell everything. Write today.

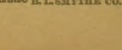
Our Catalog FREE. Show you how to earn $25.00 to $50.00 per day

Atlas Moving Picture Co. Dept 12 528 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

6 LACE CURTAINS FREE

For selling 12 boxes White Cloverine Salve at 25c per box. Give beautiful picture free with each box. Everybody buys 2 to 3 boxes when you show pictures. Send for one dozen today.

WILSON CHEMICAL CO. DEPT. K150. TYRONE PA.



FREE Violin Outfit for selling 20 pictures or 20 pkgs. post cards at 10c. Order your choice. GATES MFG. CO. Dept. 645 Chicago

CARDS Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties. Catalog Free. B. L. SMYTHE CO., NEWARK, MO.

just to pass the time away while waiting on Mrs. Shirley to pay the money for her daughter's release. But it had proved a better piece of business than they had supposed, and it cheered the spirits of the gangsters, which otherwise would have been pretty low.

But Mlle. Iberville was in no good humor when she delivered her sentence upon Helen and wrote her name down in her Book of Deaths. Two other names were in that book and they still lived. These were McKenzie's and Sam Blair's. Mlle. Iberville vented her wrath upon her men by denying Gaston, who had been delegated to dispatch McKenzie, and Emile, who was to have killed the reporter, any share of the bank robbery proceeds. As usual Mlle. Iberville kept half for herself and divided the remainder among her other retainers who still basked in the light of her favor.

And while both of these scenes were transpiring, another hand in the game of mystery and death, which hitherto had been played in the dark, was brought to light.

A big black-tonneaued automobile swung into the stately driveway of the Shirley mansion on the Esplanade. A woman, heavy-hooded, cloaked, and veiled leaped out with a youthful step and hurriedly rang at the side door. A maid answered.

"Tell Mrs. Shirley that Miss Caxton wishes to see her," the veiled woman requested.

The maid departed and the woman waited impatiently in the hall. Mrs. Shirley's caller was a strikingly beautiful young woman. Her hair was the hue of virgin gold when the sun shines upon it. Her eyes were baby blue. There was a suspicious bulge to the handbag she carried. The bag contained an automatic revolver, loaded with eleven steel bullets—silent, swift messengers of death.

The woman was the same as the one who had paid the timely call on Francois Villere and frustrated his plan to kidnap Helen and take her to Cuba. She was the woman who had led Helen into the hallway of the bomb-shattered building from whence she was captured and carried away by the plotters. Then she called herself Katherine Iberville, the arch-plotter of them all. She was the same mysterious woman who had sought Villere at the Old Absinthe House the night McKenzie had the fight on the stairway. She was the woman who at every step seemed to deepen the clouds of mystery which baffled the rescuers of Helen. And the reason for this all was——

But Mrs. Shirley, an elderly woman in deep mourning had entered the hall on the arm of her maid.

"Do I address Miss Caxton, the detective?" asked the widow.

"You do," replied the caller. But the French accent was gone now!

"And to what good or bad fortune do I owe the courtesy of this visit?"

"Madam," replied the woman detective, "I have succeeded in my quest. The murderers of the Mardi Gras are found out. Your daughter Helen will be restored to you within a few hours."

The widow, bereft of husband, child, and a large share of her available fortune at one fell stroke of fate, could find no words for reply. From sheer joy she fainted in the arms of the maid.

Miss Caxton stepped back into the darkened tonneau of the big automobile, gave a word to the driver, and the car sped away. And so ends the account of the remarkable visit to the mansion of the Widow Shirley, except, perhaps, to add that Miss Caxton's chauffeur was Rome Roberts, chief of detectives of the city of New Orleans.

CHAPTER XV.

THREE forces were in motion for the release of Helen Shirley. Each was in ignorance of the doings of the other two. There were Blair, the reporter; McKenzie, the chivalrous young mining engineer, and Audrey Caxton, the woman detective of Chief Robert's staff, whose striking likeness to Mlle. Iberville had been of vast service to her in disclosing the hidden secrets of the gang. They were working blindly, if not to cross purposes.

Opposed to these incoherent agencies were the united powers of the gang. The gang was fighting for its life with its back against the wall, notwithstanding the confident assertions of its woman chieftain. It was at bay. Desperate men, led by the shrewdest woman criminal of the age, were rendered more intrepid in their extremity.

From the moment Mlle. Iberville had pronounced the death sentence upon her prisoner, things happened fast. At noon—two hours before McKenzie was to play his hand—the negro maid entered Helen's room bearing a tray of food.

"I am so glad you came," said Helen, with an effort at naturalness and striving to suppress her excitement. "I want to take a nap after I eat."

The maid, when she left, repeated the girl's words to Mlle. Iberville.

"And it's a long nap she will take after she drinks that tea," the woman commented darkly.

For Helen's tea had been poisoned!

Helen was extremely fond of tea. Tho anxiety suppressed her appetite, she thought it best to eat in order to allay suspicions. She sat down to the small table alone in her room, dropped two lumps of sugar into the tea, and started to raise the steaming potion—liquid death—to her lips.

Behind her on the wall, hung a life-size portrait of Napoleon. Noiselessly the canvas of the picture slid upward, like the curtain on a stage. The gilt frame remained, surrounding nothing more than a deep, velvet-black hole. The picture was a secret door, connecting with one of the labyrinth of hidden passages between the walls and under the floors of Mlle. Iberville's stronghold. Helen was about to have an unexpected caller.

The girl had raised the poisoned fluid to her lips. From out the darkness of the aperture where the picture had been, nimbly sprang a man.

"For God's sake, don't!" he shouted.

He dashed the cup from Helen's hand. It was Blair! The reporter had solved the riddle of the secret passageway of the mystery house. He had gained entrance just in time. The teacup went to the floor with a resounding crash. Helen, too startled to think that the newcomer might be a friend, uttered a piercing scream.

Instantly the door flew open. Two ruffians leaped in, and before Blair could make a move of resistance, he was seized and his arms pinioned.

"To the dungeon," commanded Mlle. Iberville, and the gangsters bore the reporter away. Thus ended the efforts of one of Helen's would-be rescuers. But Blair had played an indispensable part. His quixotic self-sacrifice had saved the girl's life. But whether Helen were better off dead than alive still remained to be seen.

She was thrown back into her room. Instantly all was confusion in the house of crime. The surprise was complete. With the startling appearance of Blair thru the secret passage, Mlle. Iberville had no means of reckoning to what extent she had been surrounded by her enemies. She took no chances. This master criminal, whose unruffled calm never before had been known to be disturbed, dashed from room to room shouting commands to her men.

"Jacques, my car!"

"Pierre, guard the front door! Let no one enter as long as you are alive!"

"You, Michel, watch the drive entrance, and call when my machine arrives!"

"Georges, the strong-box!"

"Gaston, blow up the tunnel!"

This last command revealed her terror and desperation. There came a muffled roar from without. The detonation shook the great house to its very foundations. A column of earth shot upward like a volcanic eruption, as the mines in the underground bore leading from the house to the shed in the rear were exploded in a mad effort to send her foes into eternity.

The underworld queen continued her frantic preparations for flight, only hoping to hold the fort until her automobile arrived. She rushed into her room, threw on a long motoring cloak, hat, and veil. A maid tossed a few belongings into a suitcase. Georges tugged hard at the loot-laden treasure chest, and dragged it to the doorway from which Mlle. Iberville was to make her escape by automobile.

A big, black-tonneaued car swung unto the drive. The brakes ground on, and the machine stopped with a lurch at the very door.

"Mademoiselle, the car!" shouted Jacques, who was on watch at the window.

"Good!" called back Blonde Kitty from another part of the house. "I'm coming. Throw the chest into the back seat."

Mlle. Iberville burst into the room and ran for the door.

"A narrow escape, men. Au revoir and every man for himself now. Remember, six months from today in New York."

Thus Helen was abandoned to a fate worse than the one Mlle. Iberville had planned for her when she sent up the poisoned tea.

"The girl! She's mine!" With a wild yell, Jacques bounded up the stairs to claim his prize.

A terrifying scream penetrated the uproarious house. The sounds of the struggle in the room upstairs indicated the ferocity with which Helen waged her hopeless fight to protect her womanhood.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE big, black car which halted at the side doorway was not the one Mlle. Iberville had ordered. Four husky men, revolvers in hand, and one small woman, leaped from the tonneau. The men rushed the door. It gave way with a crash.

Led by Audrey Caxton, Chief Roberts and three of his picked men dashed into the room. The detectives' guns were ready. Those of the gangsters were not. The sleuths had the drop on them. They threw up their hands in surrender.

But their woman chieftain was not to be so easily subdued. She cursed her hirelings as cowards with a terrible oath.

"Katherine Iberville dies, but she never surrenders!" she screamed, lunging at the foremost of the invaders. And Blonde Kitty was prepared for the emergency.

There was a dance of shadows on the wall as the sun's rays gleamed from the vicious dagger the tigress had snatched from her bosom. With all the insane fury of a savage beast at bay she raised the blade and plunged it straight and true for Roberts' heart.

"Katherine Iberville dies, but she never surrenders!" She hissed the declaration between her clinched teeth.

The detective's arm shot up. It met the wrist that drove the dagger. It deflected the course of the knife. Katherine Iberville plunged the weapon into her own breast. She sank limp to the floor.

Thus did the crime queen of the Mardi Gras make good her reckless challenge. And whatever her evil deeds her obituary is incomplete without this tribute: She died with her boots on; she died game.

The dare-devil Pierre, guardian of the front door, heard the commotion, saw his woman chieftain fall, and rushed to avenge her death.. Throwing open the door into the back room, he fired with deliberate aim at Chief Roberts' head. But the shot went wild. Audrey Caxton's automatic had been a fraction of a second quicker than the heavy revolver of the bandit. The bullet crumpled his hand as he had pulled the trigger. The last hope of the gang had failed. After seven long years Mlle. Iberville's conspirators were in the hands of the law.

But where was Helen?

While the detectives kept the band covered with their revolvers, Miss Caxton made a hurried search of the house. In the basement she released Blair, but the girl was nowhere to be seen. She went upstairs. She entered the room which had been the fair prisoner's boudoir. Chairs were turned over. Bits of clothing torn from a woman's dress were scattered about. Blood spattered the walls. The room bore the mute evidence of the girl's bitter struggle. But otherwise it was empty. A rope ladder thrown from the window explained the exit Jacques had taken when he finally had overpowered the girl.

Thwarted!

The woman detective stood aghast. She had led the way to the nest of the kidnapers, but the bird had flown. Mlle. Iberville was dead and her band was in Audrey's power. But it had been an empty conquest. Helen Shirley was

DO YOU NEED A KIDNEY REMEDY?

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything, but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble, it may be found just the remedy you need. Swamp-Root makes friends quickly because its mild and immediate effect is soon realized in most cases. It is a gentle healing herbal compound—a physician's prescription which has proved its great curative value in thousands of the most distressing cases according to reliable testimony.

All druggists in 50c and $1.00 sizes.

You may have a sample size bottle of this always reliable preparation by Parcel Post, also pamphlet telling about it. Address Dr. Kilmer and Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents, also mention the Chicago Ledger.

17 JEWEL ELGIN WATCH ON CREDIT $12.50

Genuine world famous Elgin Watch, regular $18.00 value, fitted in heavy Double Stock gold strata case, jeweled settings, factory tested and adjusted. Sold with a double guarantee, and on 30 days free trial. Terms—$2.00 Per Month.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

$39.50 special diamond ring offer, made in 14k solid gold. Credit terms—$5.00 down—$4.50 per month. Greatest value ever offered. Also, a complete line of diamond rings, jewelry, and silverware, all sold on our EASY PAYMENT PLAN. Send for our big free catalog, 64 pages, and see our astounding bargain offers. Money back in 30 days if wanted.

ALFRED WARE CO., Dept. 499 St. Louis, Mo.

A NEW WAY To Get Your Clothes Free

Make Big Money During Spare Time

Something Different, bigger, more liberal than any offer ever made. Lower prices—better clothes—bigger cash profits Express paid on everything.

Double Pay

FREE clothes and cash besides. We don't ask you to use your cash profits for your own clothes. Ours is a new and better plan. An Extra Present with every order. Not a prize scheme. Choose what you want, work for it and get it besides your Cash Profits. Complete Outfit FREE, 56 real cloth samples, 50 Fashion Plates. Inside wholesale prices. Get the big money. Your name on a post card brings everything FREE.

SPENCER MEAD CO., Dept 618 , Chicago

FEATHER BED BARGAINS

For $10 we will ship you one first-class 40-lb Feather Bed; one pair 6-lb Feather Pillows; *(all new, clean, live, sanitary feathers and best feather proof ticking)*; also one pair full size Blankets; one dandy Comfort, full size; one full size Sheet, and two Pillow Slips, *all for only $10. All new, first-class goods and no trash* Positively the biggest bargain ever offered. Satisfaction guaranteed. This offer is good for a short time only to advertise our goods. Mail money order now or write for FREE catalog and full particulars. Do not buy anywhere until you see what we offer. Write today. Postal will do.

SOUTHERN FEATHER & PILLOW CO., Dep 1157 Greensboro, N. C.

BIG CASH OFFER

MAKE $10 A DAY

Write for biggest offer ever made. A FORTUNE IN IT! Our Toilet Combinations fastest sellers going. Stark made $148 the first week. Bell cleaned up $85 in four days. Must have 100 more men and women agents QUICK!

Sample Case FREE!

Don't wait a minute. Christmas Rush Starting! SEND NO MONEY —JUST POSTAL!

PIERCE COMPANY Dept. 311 CHICAGO, ILL.

IMPORTANT

Can You Appreciate A Real Bargain

We will sell for $1.00 one-half dozen pairs Men's Boys', Ladies' or Misses' fine seamless hosiery. Fast black with a splendid, substantial finish which will wear better than 90 per cent of what are sold as high as 60 cents a pair as guaranteed hosiery. By ordering, at once, we will explain how you may reduce the cost of this hosiery to 50 cents a half dozen pairs or 8 1-3 cents for each pair.

You will be agreeably surprised when you examine the goods.

WILL MAKE AN ATTRACTIVE CHRISTMAS GIFT

In ordering state size and write your name and address plainly.

AMERICAN MAIL ORDER COMPANY
725 Broadway, Dept. P, New York City.

YOUR BIRTHSTONE
3 STONE
CLUSTER
IM. DIAMOND
TIFFANY WEDDING
SIGNET-YOUR INITIAL
5 Rings FREE

We will send you these 5 Handsome Solid Gold filled Rings, guaranteed 3 yrs., if you will order and sell 15 of our Special Ladies Embroidered Handkerchiefs at 10c. each. Send no money. We trust you. Order today—NOW

W. D. KIBLER CO Box L Indianapolis, Ind.

POWER

for farm, ranch, shop, to pump, saw, [illegible] Galloway [illegible] All styles. [illegible]

WM. GALLOWAY COMPANY Box 2065 WATERLOO, IOWA

FREE This Daisy Pump Action Air RIFLE and many other dandy articles given absolutely free to boys who will do a small amount of work for us. We send two Fac Simile Confederate States $10.00 bills free to every boy answering this advertisement. Write today.

HUNT & CO., DEPT. A. D. 160 N. FIFTH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED

Manufacturers want Owen patents. Send for three free books; inventions wanted, etc. I get patent or no fee. Manufacturing facilities.

RICHARD B. OWEN, 33 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WANTED IDEAS Write for list of Inventions Wanted. $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four booklets sent free. Patents secured or Fee Returned.

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 30 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

still a captive. Lost now, perhaps, beyond all hope of rescue!

CHAPTER XVII.

FROM his post on top of the cotton warehouse, Stanbury McKenzie waited the coming of two o'clock. How the hours dragged by! Would the time he was to deliver the imprisoned heiress from her oppressors and restore her to her mother never come? With his field glasses to his eyes he scanned the house of mystery. Most eagerly of all he watched the window of the room thru which he had seen the girl. But the blind was drawn now. He could see nothing.

A big black automobile swept up the drive and vanished around the side of the house. McKenzie redoubled his vigilance. But the implacable gray walls gave no hint of the death drama within. And then——

McKenzie wiped the lenses of his binoculars and leaned far over the edge of the roof to assure himself that his eyes were not misleading him. What was that? The window of Helen's room went up! A rope ladder was thrown to the ground! A man clambered out and went down the rope with the agility of a cat. He carried something in his arms. It was a human form. It was the girl! It was Helen!

McKenzie was on the ground in an instant, running toward the man who carried his captive to the curb. A second automobile dashed up and made as if to enter the driveway by the side of the house. But the man signaled it to halt, tossed the girl into the rear seat and jumped in after her.

The car leaped forward with tremendous speed. McKenzie acted quickly. Rushing into the street, he planted himself squarely in the path of the onrushing car and drew his revolver. Then his heart failed him. He feared to fire at the kidnaper lest he should wound the girl. But there was not a moment for consideration. With a roar the car bore down upon him like a red streak.

McKenzie took aim—at the front tire. He fired. A second explosion followed as the tire flattened out. The machine skidded, crashed into a telephone pole, and snapped it off like a toothpick. The wild automobile leaped straight into the air like a skyrocket. It turned completely over. McKenzie saw a bundle of fluttering skirts tossed from the machine and high above it.

It was Helen. He ran and caught her as she fell. He caught her squarely in his arms. She was unconscious. The wrecked car, a mass of twisted iron and broken wood, was fifty feet away in a vacant lot. Mlle. Iberville's reckless chauffeur and Jacques both were dead. With tender hands McKenzie smoothed the hair on Helen's temples. Presently she opened her eyes.

"Where—where am I?" she asked vaguely.

"In the hands of a friend at last," McKenzie replied.

"A friend? Who are you?" the girl queried, still dazed.

"I am Stanbury McKenzie. You are safe."

"Oh, yes. I remember it all now." the girl replied. "Oh, Mr. McKenzie, words are too weak to express my gratitude. How can I ever thank you?"

And Helen pressed his sturdy hand.

"Don't try, little girl," McKenzie replied. "I deserve no thanks. I only did my duty as a gentleman."

For Stanbury McKenzie was a Virginian.

CHAPTER XVIII.

KIND friends," said the girl of the baby blue eyes and the golden hair, "I thank you for your praises and your generous offer, but conscientiously I cannot accept this reward. It was not I alone who solved this mystery, therefore I must not monopolize the laurels. Had it not been for Mr. Blair, the reporter, the girl would not have been alive when we reached her. And then had it not been for Mr. McKenzie, the young mining engineer who tells such a remarkable story of his entrance into this case, the girl might never have been recovered at all. Unless you can induce these two gentlemen to share the $25,000 equally with me I cannot accept it."

So spoke Helen Caxton addressing the high police officials who tendered her the reward offered for the capture of the Mardi Gras murderers.

"I am a detective not in the interest of profit, but in the interest of art. With me the ferreting out of crime enigmas is a passion just as literature is for the novelist," the girl continued. "In Boston my father is wealthy, and I am wealthy in my own right. I was privileged to move in the most exclusive circle in the aristocratic Back Bay section of my home city—the social arbiters of New England. But I was never like other girls. I never cared for society. It seems so empty and useless. I finished school, and after a year's pleading with my father he permitted me to go to New York and offer my services toward the solution of a baffling bank robbery.

"I was successful. Since then I have traveled the world over. I volunteered my services in New Orleans in the interests of humanity. I have achieved my goal. That is reward enough for me. I leave for San Francisco on the night train. I have wired that I was willing to take up the solution of a crime on the Barbary coast, and my offer has been accepted. I must leave tonight."

Chief Roberts and even the mayor, who was present, were unable to dissuade the girl from her stand.

It was a thrilling scene in the editorial rooms of the Item that night when Sam Blair came in with his scoop—the biggest news "beat" in the paper's history. Page after page he reeled off, as the keys of the typewriter danced under his flying fingers. The city editor and remainder of the staff gathered around in awe-struck admiration.

Finally Blair finished. Mr. Crown, the city editor, came up smiling.

"Sam, I want to congratulate you," he said, extending his hand. "It's the biggest scoop we ever put over. Your salary is doubled. And by the way, there are some gentlemen in my private office waiting to see you."

The gentlemen referred to were a delegation headed by the mayor and Chief Roberts, who sought to press upon Blair the $25,000 reward. It appeared that Miss Caxton had been particularly solicitous in the reporter's behalf.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Crown," replied Blair, "that I can not accept your kind offer in regard to salary, but I'm leaving the paper tonight. I'd like to get an order for my salary from last payday to date."

"Leaving us! My God, man, you can't do that!" protested Crown in amazement. "Don't you know you've just made yourself famous."

"That's the trouble," Blair replied; "I've no desire to be famous. I am only a reporter. All I want is the personal satisfaction that I landed my scoop, even if I did have to work two years for it."

"But where do you intend to go?"

"To Frisco," the reporter replied diffidently, as he put on his hat and coat and picked up the salary order the editor had written out. He paused in the doorway.

"Good-by, boys," he said.

And such is the way of tramp reporters. The mayor's delegation never got to see him.

It was not until the other reporters read Blair's story next morning that they thought they understood. An entire column was given over to eulogy of the work of "Miss Audrey Caxton, girl master detective, who, after all other human agencies failed, proved herself the nemesis of the Mardi Gras murderers." And Blair had not neglected to expatiate upon the beauty of the golden hair and expound the incalculable fascination of her "eyes of sky's own blue" and dilate upon her other

RECIPE TO STOP DANDRUFF

This Home Made Mixture Stops Dandruff and Falling Hair and Aids Its Growth.

To a half pint of water add:

Bay Rum	1 oz.
Barbo Compound	a small box
Glycerine	¼ oz.

These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any druggist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until all the mixture is used. A half pint should be enough to rid the head of dandruff and kill the dandruff germs. It stops the hair from falling out, and relieves itching and scalp diseases.

Although it is not dye, it acts upon the hair roots and will darken streaked, faded, gray hair in ten or fifteen days. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.

"Say, you ring-one up with some P. A., too!"

Copyright 1916 by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

"Well, smoke it yourself if you want that all-fired joy-feeling!"

Prince Albert is the cross-lots cut to tobacco satisfaction, whether you smoke a jimmy pipe or makin's cigarette! It hands out more genuine happiness each puff, and fresher fragrance each puff than you ever did dream would fall to your lot. The patented process *fixes that*—and cuts out bite and parch! From dawn's early light until turn-in-time you can smoke away, *man-like*, because there isn't any unpleasant comeback in

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Don't linger about what you're going to do about this pipe-packing and makin's-material question. Because, men, you're losing fun and contentment.

You buy some Prince Albert in the toppy red bag at a nickel or get a tidy red tin for a dime; or pick the handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors. But of all the P. A. packages, you'll find that classy crystal-glass pound humidor what you *need most!* The sponge-moistener top keeps the friendly tobacco in such bang-up trim!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

50¢ brings you this Superb 3-Piece Mission Set.

Positively one of the most amazing bargains in years—a staggering value. Clip the coupon below and send it to us with 50c and we will ship you this magnificent set. **Three pieces** — made of solid oak throughout in rich brown fumed oak finish. Chair and rocker upholstered in brown Delavan Spanish leather. Table top measures 24x33½ inches. Compare it with any mission set offer you ever saw. Then clip the coupon and send it to us with 50c and we will ship this set subject to approval. Terms 50c cash and 75c monthly. **Order by No. A117.** Money back if not pleased. Price $7.45

Easy Payments

If you want anything in rockers, furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, washing machines, crockery, silverware, baby carriages, go carts, Men's, Women's and Children's apparel, stoves, ranges, or any article of home-furnishing, don't fail to get our **Big Free Catalog** Showing thousands of staggering home furnishing bargains on easy monthly payments.

Send Coupon

along with 50c in to us today. Get this remarkable offer while it lasts. Have this suite shipped—take a year to pay. And we will send you at the same time our big catalog and special bargain bulletin. Prices never approached before. Don't wait. Send the coupon today — do it right now.

STRAUS & SCHRAM, Inc.
Dept. 1268 35th St. Chicago

Straus & Schram, Inc.
Dept. 1268 35th St. Chicago

Enclosed find 50 cents. Please ship me at once the big special advertised 3-piece Mission Set bargain No. A117. Sale price, $7.45. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If I keep the set, I will pay you 75c per month until the balance has been paid. If not satisfied, I will return set and you are to refund my 50 cents together with any freight charges I paid. Also send me your big catalog and bargain bulletins.

Name ....

Address ....

21 JEWEL 25 YEAR GOLD FILLED RAILROAD WATCH $5.95

New Elegant railroad model, 21 jewel stamped on movement; 25 year Federal Guarantee stamped in case; Legal binding written Guarantee sent with each watch, all timed, tested & regulated ready to wear.

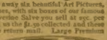
A Millionaire's Watch All Can Afford

Worth $25 to anyone who requires an absolutely accurate timekeeper. Biggest bargain ever offered. Let us send it C. O. D. by Insured Parcel Post. Pay your postman $5.95 when you receive the watch. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Order today. Mention open face or hunting style. ARNOLD WATCH CO., DEPT. 19 H CHICAGO, ILL.

Bracelet and Ring FREE

For giving away six beautiful Art Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, with six boxes of our famous White Cloverine Salve you sell at 25c. per box. Send us the $1.50 collected and these beautiful premiums are yours by return mail. Large Premium List free. Send no money. Write today—we trust you.

WILSON CHEMICAL CO.
Dept. 535 Tyrone, Pa.



WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address **PENN PUBLISHING CO., Parnassus, Pa.**

manifold feminine charms. On this topic Blair wrote as a man inspired.

When it was noted that this marvelous girl sleuth also was bound for the Golden Gate, some of the wise ones around the office thought they saw a great light. For even worldly-wise wanderlust-smitten reporters are not immune from the subtle influences of the little boy who wears nothing but a pink ribbon and a bow and arrow, even in the coldest winter weather. This little boy may well be called the nemesis of confirmed bachelors—even tramp reporters—when once he gets on their trail. His name is Cupid.

It was three weeks before those who had offered the reward could find McKenzie to press upon him the $25,000 no one seemed to care about. He had been absent from the city. The news of her father's murder had been a great shock to Helen. This, together with the strain of imprisonment and her thrilling experiences, brought her to the verge of a nervous collapse. A doctor ordered her to the country.

It was her specific request that McKenzie accompany her. Upon a beautiful Louisiana plantation she soon recuperated her strength and vigor.

McKenzie was at the Shirley home when the committee in charge of the reward called. The gentlemen briefly explained their mission.

"Give the money to charity," was McKenzie's answer.

"But you have earned and won the esteem and gratitude of every citizen in New Orleans. We must reward you."

"This is my reward, gentlemen," said McKenzie, bowing to his bride-to-be.

For a diamond sparkled on the third finger of Helen's left hand.

The End.

* * *

MAKING HIM MIND.

"It's a crisis!" said Robert's fair young mother hysterically, as she explained to Robert's father, summoned home an hour earlier than usual from his office by telephone. "That's why I sent for you! I knew it would come some time, and it's so important that the situation should be handled just right! Why, his whole future life depends upon it! He must not get the upper hand!"

"Of course not," agreed Robert's alert young father. "He's always been so sweet-tempered and obedient that I can't understand at all! You say he positively refused to mind you?"

Robert's mother nodded tearfully. "I had no idea he was so strong-willed! I said, 'Robert, mother has told you not to touch the things on her dresser! Put back the pretty bottle!' And he just looked at me calmly and said, 'Won't!' And I argued half an hour and he screamed and cried, and I couldn't get anything out of him except that he wouldn't!"

"Well, why didn't you take it away from him?" demanded Robert's more practical parent.

His wife looked reproaches at him. "Why, that would not have been the same thing at all!" she insisted. "It's his obedience we're after! He must learn to do things simply because he is told—and if he wins out this time I'll never be able to manage him any more!"

"It looks pretty serious," agreed Robert's father, arising and marching toward the bedroom where his refractory offspring was established. In the middle of the floor sat his child, waving in the air a cut glass perfume bottle. "Ahem!" said his father. Then he bent a stern eye upon Robert. "Listen!" he said, distinctly. "Father wants you to put back that bottle where you got it, son! Right away! Do you understand?"

His child surveyed him with interest as a curious specimen. "I don't want to," he announced briefly, and casually waved the bottle more recklessly than ever. "No, no! Don't want to!"

"But," sailed in his parent with the usual arguments, to which Robert listened with the gravity of a prime minister. At their conclusion he waved the bottle again and repeated his former announcement. His father turned a lively red. "If you don't," he began, but was flagged by Robert's mother.

"Don't threaten anything," she besought. "Because it's so likely you'll have to do it! He's apt not to give in, you know!"

"Well, I rather guess he will give in!" insisted Robert's father, hotly. "If two grown people can't manage a 5-year-old it's time——"

"But you know we don't believe in corporal punishment," said his wife, and there was a touch of regret in her voice. "Sometimes I wonder if a tiny little bit of a spanking wouldn't do more good than—no, no, you mustn't think of it! To strike a child! We must use nothing but moral suasion. Robert, will you please put back the bottle, to please mother? Just because mother wants you to, dear."

"No;" stated her son cheerfully. "I don't want to!"

"Why, that's perfectly degenerate!" gasped Robert's father. "He always seemed to love you so, too! Robert, you can't have any supper if you don't obey at once!"

"Don't want any supper," chortled his son, waving the bottle.

Robert's mother hurriedly drew her husband out of the room. "You can't do that," she said. "He's got the upper hand entirely. When he gets hungry, he'll yell like anything, and the neighbors will think we're beating him and you'll have to let him eat. If we were on a desert island, now, we might do it. I never dreamed he has such a will!"

"But what are we going to do?" demanded her husband, a trifle wildly. "He's either got to mind and put up the bottle or not mind and keep it and give us the ha-ha! Are we going to cringe before our son forever after? Nonsense! I'm going in there and show him what's what! It's time he learned who is boss in this house! I——"

"But how," demanded Robert's mother, tearfully, "are you going to do it?"

Robert's father surveyed her for some moments in growing indignation, fostered by the realization that he, indeed, was in a box.

"Say," he began, "what did you drag me into this business for, anyhow? Isn't it the woman's end of it to manage her own children?"

"Ha!" said Robert's mother, heartlessly. "'Fraid-cat! You're afraid of him!"

"So are you," retorted her husband.

"I know it," she admitted blandly. "That's why I sent for you. How I wish I had never heard that lecture on the cruelty of whipping children! But we've simply got to do something!"

Hand in hand and pale they marched back to the scene of battle. "Robert," they began in Greek chorus, and paused thunder-struck. Robert was peacefully cutting out paper dolls and the bottle reposed, shakily, near the edge, but absolutely on the dresser.

"I got froo with it," Robert told his hapless parents. "And I putted it back. Wasn't I good?"

"Well, he did put it back," quavered his mother in the haven of the outer room to his father.

"Uh, huh," agreed that gentleman gloomily, looking at his watch, "when he got good and ready—two hours and a quarter after he picked it up! Gee—but we have wonderful control over our child!"

"Sometimes," said Robert's mother, thoughtfully, "I think I'll take a day off and forget that lecture!"

* * *

Mistakes Will Happen.

A dissertation on errors, typographical and otherwise, by E. E. Kelley:

"Every week the paper—this paper or any other paper—has typographical errors; and there is always some one ready to laugh mirthlessly over it and hold the paper to scorn and say a blacksmith could do a better job with both hands tied, and proceed to bowl out the editor publicly. And the editor, being meek in spirit and lowly, grins a sun-grin as if he liked it, because he knows the utter futility of explaining. Then he goes back to the shop and bites a nail in two to relieve his feelings; and finally wonders how his tormentors would feel, should he turn critic and point out the typographical errors, so to speak, in the makeup of the hilarious ones.

"Furrinstance: Hon. Jehu Junkins shaves himself, and last Sunday appeared at church with a patch of unshaven whiskers under the angle of his jaw the size of a grown man's thumb; Sis Stiggins had her hat on crooked and the shoestring on her switch showed thru what little real hair she has left. The underskirt of the Belle of the Village hung on one side a full inch below the bottom of her dress. Amri Toots, one of our best known city gents, walked down the aisle with a long raveling hanging to his coat-tail; old Ebenezer Stone had blacked his shoes until he could see his reflection in them, while his shoe heels had not had a treatment since he bought them last summer. Billy B. Darn, who ordinarily doesn't give three whops for anything and doesn't care who knows it, blushed a rosy red when, walking with his best girl, he produced a wash-rag from his pocket instead of a handkerchief. Miss Peachie Peacherino, who is risin' 35, and near-sighted, wafted a kiss to a traveling man getting on the train under the impression that it was her brother, who departed from our midst on the same common carrier.

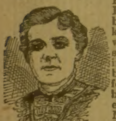
"As the poet remarked, we are all poor critters and prone to errors of makeup even as the sparks fly upward; and all good and true editors, instead of impaling the kit and bundle on his harpoon to get good and even once for all, will again next week smile his feeble sun-grin when he is publicly roasted and let it go at that. An editor hasn't much sense, anyway. That's why he is an editor."

* * *

The prettiest thing in feminine headgear is a good-humored face.

WELL-KNOWN ILLINOIS WOMAN SPEAKS.

A BOON TO WOMANKIND.



Carbondale, Ill.—"I consider Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a great boon to womankind for female weakness and constipation, also for inflammation of the bladder and organs, for which I have been greatly benefited."—Mrs. L. W. Miller, 308 Pecan St., Carbondale, Ill.

When a girl becomes a woman, when a woman becomes a mother, when a woman passes through the changes of middle life, are the three periods of life when health and strength are most needed to withstand the pain and distress often caused by severe organic disturbances.

At these critical times women are best fortified by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, an old remedy of proved worth that keeps the entire female system perfectly regulated and in excellent condition.

Mothers, if your daughters are weak, lack ambition, are troubled with headaches, lassitude and are pale and sickly, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is just what they need to surely bring the bloom of health to their cheeks and make them strong and healthy.

For all diseases peculiar to women, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a powerful restorative. During the last 40 years it has banished from the lives of tens of thousands of women the pain, worry, misery and distress caused by irregularities and diseases of a feminine character.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little Liver Pills. Tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules—the smallest and the easiest to take.

ENGINE POWER COSTS LESS NOW

Prices F.O.B. Factory:
2 H-P $34.95; 3 H-P $52.50;
4 H-P $69.75; 6 H-P $97.75; 8 H-P $139.65;
12 H-P $197; 16 H-P $279.70; 22 H-P $350.80.
Portable. Engines Proportionally Low.
Buy Direct; Cash or Easy Terms.

WITTE Engines

Gasoline, Kerosene, Distillate, Gas.

Besides lower price, WITTE engines use less fuel per H-P hour—from one-fourth to one-third less—enough saving in a year to pay entire cost of engine. Easy starting; no cranking. My 28 years engine building makes this higher quality. Write for my New Engine Book, Free, by return mail, before you buy an engine of any kind.

ED. H. WITTE,
2528 Oakland Avenue,
Kansas City, Mo.
2528 Empire Bldg.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

MEN WANTED

LEARN TO DRIVE AND REPAIR AUTOMOBILES AND TRACTORS

Big demand for trained men. Earn from $75 to $150 per month. Learn in 6 weeks by the

SWEENEY SYSTEM

of practical experience. You do the real work in machine shop, factory and on the road. No books used. Tools free.

FREE Big 64 page catalogue with views of men at work in largest and best equipped auto school in world. Send name today. Address

SWEENEY AUTO SCHOOL
1201 East 15th Street,
Kansas City, Missouri.

Get This Car FREE! and the Agency for Your Territory

5 Passenger—30 H.P.—112 In. Wheelbase, Hyatt Roller Bearings—Demountable Rims—Full Floating Rear Axle—32x3½ Tires. A wonder car and you can get one Free. Write now for full information. Learn how you can get this car free and make big money in the automobile business. Don't delay—the offer is strictly limited. Write at once. A postal will do. Address me personally. Ralph Birchard, Pres.

Birch Motor College, Inc. Dept. 1102 Tower Bldg., Chicago

MAKE YOUR BIKE A MOTORCYCLE

at a small cost by using our Attachable outfit. FITS ANY BICYCLE. Easily attached. No special tools required. Write today for bargain list and free book FREE BOOK describing the SHAW Bicycle Motor Attachment. Motorcycles, all makes, new and second-hand, $35 and up.

SHAW MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. 5 Galesburg, Kansas.

FREE, FREE, FREE—This Coey Car

Our $100.00 practical course and agency; this cup-winning car to first 60 who answer this. Get this car FREE. A postal brings full particulars. Quick action. Secure territory. COEY'S COLLEGE OF MOTORING, 2024 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

BE A DETECTIVE
Write WAGNER, 1243 Lexington Avenue, New York, Dept. 162.

Wear Overland Aluminum Shoes
Water-Proof Rust-Proof Rot-Proof

Throw away those leaky leather shoes, those water-logged wood sole shoes or cold rubber boots. You can get all their good features, and more, in OVERLAND ALUMINUM WORK SHOES. Keep your feet powder-dry in any weather and avoid sickness.

Save Money. One pair outwears several pairs of leather, rubber or wood sole shoes and at the same time gives your feet full protection from snags, glass, nails and cutting edges.

The World's Great Farm and Creamery Shoe

Get a pair and try them on. You will be surprised at the comfort they give your feet. No metal touches you. Thick felt insole. The Rocker Sole enables you to walk in the free and easy natural way. Best by test for all work in all weather. Made in all sizes. Boys', 1 to 4; Men's, 5 to 13; all heights, 6—10—13 and 17 inches. Barn-yard-proof leather uppers.

Money Back—If, for any reason you do not like OVERLAND SHOES after you receive them, return to us and your money will be returned promptly.

Send a postal for our free catalog which shows styles, gives prices and tells how to order. It also tells how to keep your feet in good condition.

OVERLAND SHOE CO.
Dept. H,
RACINE, WIS.

A Wolverine Lumberjack

(Continued from page four.)

him. He was a plausible villain, a fawning tool of the Company."

For some time Mann worked in silence, while his companion closely observed each computation. Her practised eye tested his accuracy and found nothing to condemn. When the last imperfect log was recorded, her face lighted with a smile of gratitude.

"We'll step over to my office and compare figures," she suggested.

With this in view they recrossed the lumber yard, followed a narrow path that led over a diminutive bridge, then thru a tall cedar hedge, and on to the Blair residence. The building was oddly planned, with ground-floor rooms abutting on a high terrace, while the front half dropped a story to the lower level. The bridge path led directly along the upper level to a door at the side, which his guide opened, revealing a comfortably furnished office.

"Here are my week's tally sheets," the girl said, producing neatly arranged papers from compartments in a desk. "And here's my scale of Thomson's cull logs."

Together they bent over the outspread papers, comparing Mann's estimate with her own.

"You have short-scaled," Mann told her. "There's a generous allowance.

"So you find a balance in my favor," she commented. "Steel and Hawley's tally man never before showed us justice. I thank you."

A few moments longer they discussed the probable amount of the winter's cut. The girl's remarks were directly to the point. She wasted no breath on social topics, and was utterly devoid of self-consciousness. Her gaze was as openly level as that of a man. She betrayed an intimate knowledge of every phase of lumbering, and showed a set determination to permit nothing prejudiced to her interests. To Mann she seemed to typify the spirit of the great outlying wilderness, wind-swept, clean, powerful, and heaven-aspiring. And the name she placed as signature on his scale report—"India Blair"—eminently suited her strong, vigorous personality.

When the scaler passed out to rejoin the waiting Frenchman, India sat quietly in her office chair watching from the side window the retreating form. When the cedar hedge hid the stalwart lumberman from view, she descended to the lake-fronting sitting-room below, where an elderly woman sat by the window sewing. Instantly the woman looked up, showing a pale face of ineffable sweetness and azure-dimmed eyes that seemed inseeing—the windows of a tempest-tossed soul at perfect peace.

"The new scaler is the soul of honor," India said, stooping to kiss the uplifted face." "There are to be no more bad logs, mamma mine. Even you, with your perennial trust in human goodness, could safely deal with such men."

"I'm very glad," Mrs. Blair said thankfully. "I knew you'd come out all right. Your father's judgment never erred. When he placed you in control he knew you'd succeed. It's in the blood."

Out on the bluff road that circled the south shore of Muskrat Lake to the bridged narrows, Mann thought of India Blair, and wondered what heartless fling of chance had forced her into such an extraordinary avocation. He marveled that neither Brett nor Brinkley had mentioned the strange circumstance connected with Blair's mill. He knew, however, that Brett's abnormal reticence accounted for much, and that Brinkley was rushing a dozen operations with a zeal that left no time for separate topics.

"Jule," questioned the scaler, "why does Miss Blair run a lumber mill? Has she no relative to fill her place?"

"No," said Jule; "dere's just she an' her mutter. W'en her dad was keel py ta pusting up of a pig circular saw he say, 'India, you run tat meel an' pay off ta mortgage.' Blair, he know she's von leetle lumperjack. Ever since she was so high," said Jule illustrating with his whip, "she tags heem all 'roun ta meel an' woods. She know ta beezness fine. So she do what Blair say an' keep ta han's busy. She's sure one gran' leetle voman; das so."

While Jule talked, the blacks crossed the bridge and spun along the west shoulder of the larger lake basin to Agache. This village straggled among pines near the shipping dock by the great lake. Long and white the Company's store lined up on the main street, and here Jule tied his team by a rope-girdled tree, and both entered.

Within the long, shelf-lined store they were greeted by Ridman, the head clerk, and stared at by Saturday afternoon loafers. Ridman, dark, slim and superactive, directed Mann to a room at the rear marked "Office," where the scaler found himself before a railed desk and among a motley crowd of waiting loggers. Back of the railed inclosure stood Walter Nordyke, the Company's chief representative. The man was erect and tall, with piercing eyes and crow-black hair that sharply contrasted with the putty-white of a complexion bleached by office work. His black eyes seemed to read every thought of the men gathered before the rail, and paralyzed speech in their withered throats. Nick Groot, ill-clad and shoulder-bent, shuffled to the front.

"If there hain't nothing coming on my month's work, I want to know the reason for it," he forced himself to say. "I hain't a-going to work like a dog just for grub. Here I'm without a d—n cent, an' I want to know what it means. I want to know whether that dollar a day goes down my fammily's throats or——"

"And I want you to know," menaced Nordyke, as the man paused, "that Steel and Hawley don't care a d—n whether you work for them or not. As for your store account, look here—and here—and here." He pointed with slender white finger at an open page; his voice never lost its low-toned liquid utterance. "That's all canned stuff—goods that cost and don't last. You buy like children, and then blame the firm. If you don't like your job, go—and you can't go too quick. Hear?"

The low words cut like the edge of a well-honed razor. "I didn't know," the man hastily justified. "It's the woman' an youngsters. They buy everything they see. I just thought I'd ask. That's all."

"Now, Mr. Winters," hinted Nordyke, and a farmer stepped forward and quietly handed the bookkeeper a tally slip. When Nordyke had compared it with figures in a large book, he wrote out and extended to the man a check.

"I don't like them checks," complained Winters, as he received the filled-in paper. "The one place here to get 'em cashed is at Bender's. And Bender naturally expects the man he's accommodated to set up drinks."

"That's none of my business," Nordyke said crisply. "I don't want my throat cut some pay night. Currency is about as safe to handle as gunpowder. Unless you like, you needn't buy booze. Cut it out."

Next the bookkeeper turned to handsome, whisky-soaked Jim Sprik, who leaned for support against the office rail.

"Well, Jim," he sharply accosted. "What's wanted?"

"More pay," huskily demanded Jim. "A top-loader orter git thirty-five. An' I ain't gittin more 'en a bush monkey."

"Steel and Hawley don't want whisky-guzzlers," flashed Nordyke. "Understand? You'll load for what you get until you're to be trusted. See?"

"I ain't drunk," defended Sprik. "Gimme top-loader's pay, or I'll bounce the firm!"

"Bounce and be d—d," he flashed at the inebriate, then turned to Mann.

"Step inside," he directed, opening a gate-like half-door. "Sit down," he then invited. "You see, Mr. Mann, I don't need an introduction. Now let's have your figures."

Mann produced his scale book and went over the week's work with the firm's keen-eyed bookkeeper. When they reached the Blair account, Mann placed beside it his recent scale of rotten logs.

"That," he explained, "is the amount of a rollway of imperfect timber sent in by Thomson before my arrival. I knew you'd wish the matter righted, so I rescaled the lot this afternoon. Either Thomson was criminally careless, or he was a scoundrel."

Instead of examining the sheet of figures, Nordyke turned the searchlight of his gaze on the new employe. After a moment's scrutiny one corner of the thin lips curled upward, baring his white, even teeth in a characteristic smile.

"You may safely leave business details to the firm," he lightly suggested. "Good afternoon, Mr. Mann."

"Jule," Mann questioned thoughtfully, as they sped homeward, "who holds that mortgage against Blair's mill?"

"W'y, Steel an' Hawley, o' course," the Frenchman informed him. "Everypotty know tat. T'ey got a grip o' tat meel w'at takes ten t'ousand dollars to loose up."

"I believe," said Mann, in sudden enlightenment, "that I understand."

(Continued next week.)

CUT THIS OUT

Old English Recipe for Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises.

If you know of some one who is troubled with Catarrhal Deafness, head noises or ordinary catarrh cut out this formula and hand it to them and you will have been the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. In England scientists for a long time past have recognized that catarrh is a constitutional disease and necessarily requires a constitutional treatment.

Sprays, inhalers and nose douches are liable to irritate the delicate air passages and force the disease into the middle ear which frequently means total deafness, or else the disease is driven down the air passages towards the lungs which is equally as dangerous. The following formula which is used extensively in the damp English climate is a constitutional treatment and should prove especially efficacious to sufferers here who live under more favorable climate conditions.

Secure from your Druggist 1 ounce of Parmint (Double strength). Take this home and add to it ¼ pint of hot water and four ounces of granulated sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day. This will often bring quick relief from distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy and hearing improve as the inflammation in the eustachian tubes is [illegible]. Parmint is used in this way [illegible] directly upon the blood and [illegible] faces of the system and has [illegible] facilitates the [illegible] The preparation [illegible] d is pleas- [illegible] ca- [illegible] a trial.

TAILOR MADE TO ORDER
6 MONTHS TO PAY

Be the swellest dresser in your set. Wear clothes that virtually [illegible]

SAVE HALF!

[illegible] $25 tailored to your order Suits and Overcoats only $15 from us; $30 values $18, etc. Don't buy ready-mades and pay double our price. Don't pay [illegible] two or three times as much we charge. Don't buy clothes that can't be guaranteed to the limit. We must make good clothes. We have a reputation to uphold.

Only $2.30 Per Month!

So easy to pay our way that you won't miss the money. We [illegible] you. No references required. No red tape. No delay. No collectors. No extra charge.

Beware of the houses advertising "made-to-measure" clothes who don't [illegible] to back up their claims. Don't be fooled into accepting altered-to-fit ready-mades as made-to-measure clothes. Deal with the house that believes in quality and fairness. See our money-back guarantee.

$1,000 Reward to anyone who proves that we do not make all our garments [illegible] your own individual order and measurements. [illegible]

DeLuxe Book of Styles FREE!

[illegible] advanced and exclusive styles—the choice [illegible] from the world's greatest style centers. The cream of the greatest mills. Write for it today. Post card brings it free with full particulars of our sensational offer. Write now!

STANLEY-ROGERS CO., 554 S. Clark St., Chicago

6 ELEGANT LACE CURTAINS FREE

Sell 12 boxes White Cloverine Salve at 25c per box, a beautiful Picture FREE with each box. Return to us the $3.00 collected and we will send you six (three pair) magnificent Nottingham Lace Curtains, nearly three yards long, FREE. Everyone buys when you show pictures. Write today. Be first in your town.

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 437 TYRONE, PA.

Remarkable New Illustrated Book on Advanced Drugless Healing (Mechano-Therapy)

FREE!!

Special Now--11 Lessons Free!

Learn at Home To a limited number and for a short time only we are giving 11 Complete Lessons of our course absolutely free. This is the most sensational and at the same time the most liberal offer ever made by an institution of this kind. The lessons are all plain and simple, every point so clearly explained that you will not have the slightest difficulty [illegible] understanding and mastering them. Individual instruction from expert, practical and [illegible] instructors. Remember, this offer of 11 of these wonderfully fascinating lessons is strictly limited—so be sure to mail coupon below at once for full particulars. As an extra inducement for prompt action we are giving a complete set of 8 anatomical and [illegible] handsomely lithographed [illegible] Special Limited Offer. [illegible]

$250.00 to $500.00 a Month

No matter who you are or where you live there is a splendid opening for you in this new, uncrowded profession. Every city, town and village in the United States has a constantly growing number of drugless healing advocates—upwards of twenty-five million people in this country alone being firm believers in drugless healing methods. If you desire to better your condition in life—to be a "somebody"—to earn $250.00 to $500.00 a month and more—you owe it to yourself to learn what wonderful opportunities await you in

Mechano-Therapy

Do you realize that the [illegible] of this country are spending millions of dollars every month for just one thing health? [illegible] millions [illegible] every day a [illegible] of all drugless healing [illegible] Mechano-Therapy [illegible] takes the lead. It [illegible] more [illegible] results than any other [illegible]

OUR LESSONS TEACH YOU

How to treat Headache
How to treat Neuralgia
How to treat Constipation
How to treat Indigestion
How to treat a Sprain
How to treat Dyspepsia
How to treat Rheumatism
How to treat Catarrh
How to treat Epilepsy
How to treat Hay Fever
How to treat Pleurisy
How to treat Asthma
How to treat Gout
How to treat Jaundice
How to treat Lumbago

$1,000 Forfeit

We [illegible] forfeit $1,000 [illegible] which are on file in our office. [illegible] per day."

DR. LINDA McINERNEY, Michigan.

"Last year being my first year in business for myself, I did more than $2,000."

ED. L. POPE, M. T., Arkansas.

"I have been in practice for but [illegible] during which time I have [illegible] than many medical men have done."

SAMUEL KNOCHBAR, New York.

"I make $25 to $30 a day without advertising."

E. L. STOUT, M. T.

"I treat 7 and 8 patients per day."

SARAH HIGDON, M. T., Arizona.

Earn While You Learn

[illegible] I am very much pleased with it. You may be surprised to know that I MADE OVER $250 WHILE TAKING THE COURSE." Just devote your spare [illegible]

Send Coupon Today

[illegible] offer you have just read is so wonderfully liberal the rich promise of a life of easy, pleasant work hours of your own choosing—free from [illegible] by all [illegible] rewards this profession holds out to you should impel you [illegible] Write your name and address [illegible] TODAY.

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF MECHANO-THERAPY
81 WEST RANDOLPH ST., DEPT. 485, CHICAGO, ILL.

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF MECHANO-THERAPY
81 W. RANDOLPH ST., DEPT. 485, Chicago, Ill.
[illegible] Anatomical Chart and your offer of 11 Free [illegible]
Name

In Auto Terms.

Here's a man who describ s his wife as a limousine Evidently some lady who is large and heavy
Mine's a light runabout."

RURAL DEVELOPMENT.

The constable doth not appear
Where once his power was shown
As every motor car drew near—
He's got one of his own.

Described.

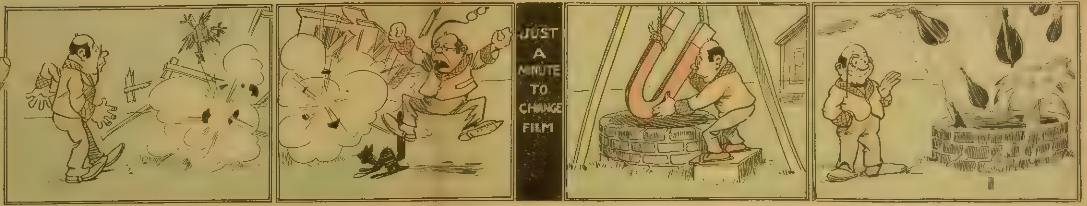
"Pa, what is meant by 'pernicious a tivity'"
"That's what your mother cleans at my desk, son

Not Interested.

"I wish Mrs. Nurich would come and see me some time and stay"
"Thank you, Mrs. Biggs, but really, money is never interested in

FRESH FILLUMS FROM THE FRONT

FOILING THE ZEPPELINS


JUST A MINUTE TO CHANGE FILM

The Hon John Bright (of London) -"Blame those blooming Zeppelins and their bombs! There goes the hencoop!

"And there goes the woodshed Hi'll fix the rotters and their bloody bombs, or Hi'm a centipede!

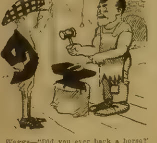
"Hi'll put this magnet in the bottom of the old well, and let the power of attraction do the rest.

The bombs, being made of iron, are deflected from their intended target and kerplunk they go into the old well. Ha! ha!"

A Busy Man.

"Judging from the important way Dubson rushes around, he must have a tremendous amount of responsibility on his shoulders," said Twobble

"Quite so," replied Scadson, in a slightly sarcastic tone. "I understand his wife entrusts him with a great many errands '



Waggs—"Did you ever back a horse?"
Smith "Yes, once"
Waggs—' Win anything
Smith—'No. I didn't You see, I backed the horse thru a shop window and had to pay $25.

Not at All Right.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "if coal is selling at $6 a ton and you pay your dealer $25, how many tons will he bring you?

"A little over three tons, ma'am,' returned Johnny, promptly

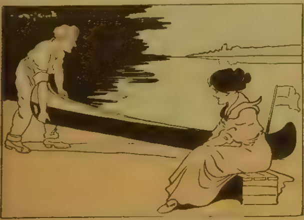
"Why, Johnny, that isn't right," corrected the teacher

"No, ma'am, I know it isn't," said Johnny "but they all do it.'

Emulation

"Mrs Comeup has got a spaniel water dog

"She has, has she? Then I'm going to make your pa get me one of them air ocean greyhounds '



[illegible]

FAMILY MAN.

I met a gentle citizen
A-riding on the "L,"
And into conversation we
Quite naturally fell
He had the sad and chastened air
Of one who knows of strife,
And so in sympathy I sought
The story of his life.

I asked his recreations:
To sigh he then began,
And said he, in sepulchral tones,
"I am a married man!"
I then asked, "What's your politics?"
His glance cut like a knife
As surlily he made reply,
'Agreeing with my wife!"

What ailed this gentle stranger?
Perhaps I'd been too free
'Twas then I got the notion
That he was stringing me.
I asked his occupation,
He snorted out, "Oh, bother!
There are eleven children
Of whom I am the father''

What He Would Use.

Thomas A Edison on his sixty-eighth birthday said to a reporter

"The result of this war will be a German republic that in fifty years will forge ahead of us al.

The reporter, impressed by Mr Edison's war knowledge, asked

"What language do the Belgians use—Walloon, French, German

"Humph," said Mr Edison. "I know well what language I would use if I were a Belgian

Initial Velocity.

Rastus —"I tell ye, a dollar don't go far in N'York'

The Wise Un—"Huh! Ought to, at the speed it goes at."—Judge

Day Rater.

Teacher—"What is nitrate of soda?'

Phyllis—"I don't know. The drug store near our home is only open in the day time

The Little Child.

A company of infantry in training were engaged in a route march along rough country roads under a broiling sun with little or no shelter by the hedgerows. The men swung bravely but uncomfortably along to the accompaniment of marching songs and hymns, but all secretly hoping that the diminutive and youthful-looking captain in front would call an early halt.

The captain, however, showed no signs of responding to their hopes, and some wit in a spirit of revenge struck up with the hymn, "A little child shall lead them," in which his comrades lustily joined, but the captain quietly marched on.

When the company paraded the following morning the little captain, congratulating his men on their performance of the day previous, said

"Well, boys, we did nineteen miles yesterday in fine style, today, we shall march twenty-eight miles, and the same little child will lead you, but this time on horseback!

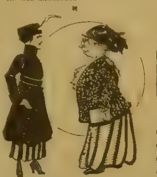
The Charge.

Judge Brady had a colored man before him in a police court and he asked him when he had been arrested before. The fellow scratched his head, thought a moment, and then said "Ah think it was about a year ago, jedge"

"What was the charge" asked the court

After thinking a while the prisoner looked up and said· "Ah'm not quite shuah, but ah t'ink it was t'ree dollahs, yer hanah

He was discharged



Rector's Wife—"Yes, Philip has gone up to Boston to learn pharmacy"

Mrs Bunk -"Gosh, missus, he needn't have gone that far away. He could have come on our farm and welcome."

A Considerate Mate.

"Why don't you assert yourself?" said the obstreperous person "Don't you know that the more you let your wife run over you, the more she's going to do it"

"Certainly I know that," answered the meek little man "But my wife doesn't seem to get much out of life and I'd hate to deprive her of the pleasure she derives from walking on me

Chopping Him Off.

"Hello, Grimshaw! Don't you remember your old sidekick, Smartellick?"

"Your manner is familiar," replied Grimshaw coldly, "but I am glad to say that I have forgotten both your face and name"

Opposites Attract.

First New Women—"I don't see how you endure that husband of yours. He opposes every article in the feminist creed."

Second New Woman—"That is his exact charm. We disagree perfectly."

Love's Progress.

Knicker—"How can you tell how long they have been married?"

Bocker—"By whether she wants him to stop smoking to save his health, his money or the curtains."

Ready.

Tramp —"Please, mum, I'm a Belgian refugee."

Lady—"Are you? Mention a town in Belgium

Tramp (cogitating a moment)—"I would, mum, but they have all been destroyed."

Would Lick Anything.

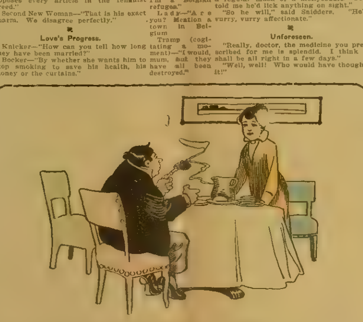
"Look here, Snidders," said Wallerby, "this dog you sold me is no fighter. He's a regular mush of a mollycoddle You told me he'd lick anything on sight."

"So he will," said Snidders. "He's vurry, vurry affectionate."

Unforeseen.

"Really, doctor, the medicine you prescribed for me is splendid. I think I shall be all right in a few days."

"Well, well! Who would have thought it!"



Her Husband "What makes this meat taste so peculiar?

Mrs. Junebride—"You see dear, I couldn't bear to give the helpless little microbes unnecessary pain by roasting them to death, so I chloroformed them before cooking the meat

A Great Sufferer.

"So you belonged to the Shut-In society for many years'

"Yes, mum," replied the tattered applicant for breakfast

"Poor man! I've been an invalid myself. Did you suffer much?"

"Yes, mum. Dere wuzn't er warden or er guard on de place dat didn't give me er pain every time I looked at 'im.'

Overdid His Part.

"Yes, sir," said the tramp. "I've made a lot of money in my time. The trouble was that I didn't know enough to hang onto it. Could you let me have a dollar?"

"No, my friend," replied the stranger. "I couldn't, after the lesson you've just taught me to hang onto mine.

Mathematical Proof.

"A woman is worth a lot more than a man"

"How can you prove, it?"

"Why, isn't a miss as good as a mile? And look at all the men it takes to make a league"

A Jolly Time.

"You say the banquet was a highly enjoyable affair?"

"Yes,"

I infer that nobody spoke."

"Oh, yes. Everybody spoke, but nobody listened."

Lucky.

"As I was coming home," said [illegible] who had burst breathlessly thru the door, "footpads set upon me and took my watch and scarfpin."

"How lucky," commented his wife, "that they didn't wait till Saturday night and catch you when you were coming home with the market basket

The Latest.

"Is that car of yours the latest model?" [illegible]

"Yes. It's a 1915." [illegible] is 1915.—

"I know it, but the people who made that car went out of business in 1912."

His Opinion.

The town council of a thriving Scotch burg recently acquired a piano for their town hall, and appointed three of their number to inspect and report on the purchase. The councilors were not musical experts, but one—a joiner—bending down and applying his eyes to the several corners of the instrument, remarked.

"I'm nae judge o' music, but I'll warrant ye a' the boards are plumb."

Scattered Around.

"Nutting parties are the thing now in suburban circles. You hunt for nuts on the lawn"

"But suppose you don't find any nuts on the lawn"

"Oh, you are sure to find them. They are provided liberally by the hostess"

Breaking the News.

"Jibbs expected a raise when he got married"

"Did he get it?"

"Yes

"Good!"

"Ti [illegible] raised his eyebrows"

Considerations of Precedence.

"Why did that girl marry Mr. Addlewell?"

"Some idea of precedence, I suppose. She wanted to be among those who led the list in the city directory."

He Was the Waiter.

Dr William Lynd Stevenson, president of the Antitipping League of Idaho, said at a league banquet in Boise:

"I visited New York last month I put up at a fine hotel there—$4 a day, in fact, for room and bath. But what service!

'I went into the hotel restaurant the evening of my arrival to order dinner I ordered a simple enough dinner, according, at least, to our Idaho standard—a dinner of clams, cold consomme, grilled brook trout, filet of beef with mushrooms, chicken a la broche and so on—yes, a simple enough Idaho dinner, but, by crinus, they kept me waiting in the heat and noise and smells an unconscionable time. Unconscionable'

"Finally I called the maitre d'hotel and said

"'Is it the rule to tip the waiter here"

"'Yes, sir,' said the man Oh, yes, sir.'

"'Then,' said I, 'give me a good big tip I've been waiting close on to three hours' '

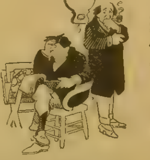
On the Waiting List.

"Now that young Spalsworth has finished college, what does he expect to do?

"He tells me that he hasn't decided yet what he will go into but it will probably be some line of manufacturing

'Yes?"

Yes, he has notified the presidents of several large firms that he will consider offers of managerial positions and has promised not to make a move until he hears from them



Jinks— 'What is the difference between genius and insanity?"

Binks—"Genius is the insanity that a man gets paid for

What Puzzled Him.

The soldier was telling the workman about a battle that he had once been in that had lasted from 8 o'clock in the morning until 7 o'clock at night. His description was most graphic, and he became very enthusiastic as he lived thru the stirring scenes again

"There's one thing I can't understand about the story," said the workman slowly, when he had finished. "You say that the battle began at 8 o'clock in the morning and lasted until 7 o'clock at night?

'Yes, that's so," was the reply.

'Then," retorted the workman with a puzzled air, "what I can't make out is, how did you manage about your dinner hour?'

ROMANCE AT RETAIL.

I own the grocer's daughter's hand—
It is not neat as neat can be,
But well I know in all the land
There's none that's half so dear to me
I see that hand from day to day,
And, oh, my heart is strangely sore
The maid herself, I'm free to say,
Is clerking in her father's store

I go to buy a pound of cheese
Or beans or prunes or peaches dried
And by her then with wondrous ease
Whate'er I ask for is supplied
That hand is skilled, it has son
"On to its job" it is—and, oh
I understand just how the lass
With her deft touch makes [illegible]
grow

For when she's weighing out to me
What stuff I need, with manner bright
She chats, but still that hand I see—
Its touch is sure and hardly light
Therefore, perhaps you'll understand
Why I keep thinking night and day
I have good cause to claim that hand
Altho I do not like its weigh

A Proud Moment.

"You are charged with speeding

'Impossible, your honor

'The policeman who arrested you says you were traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour

"Indeed. I wish some of my friends were here

Haven't you money enough to pay your fine"

"O, yes, your honor! They [illegible] many uncomplimentary remarks about my car that it would be a source of much satisfaction to me if they could hear the policeman's testimony

A Small Opening.

The seedy person applied to a wealthy citizen for help, and received the magnificent sum of five cents. The giver remarked as he handed him the pittance

"Take it you are welcome. [illegible] are always open to the distressed

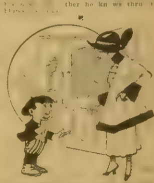
That may be," replied the [illegible] "but never before in my life have I seen so small an opening for such large [illegible]

A Distinction and a Difference.

Tambo "What is the difference between [illegible]

Bones—"Well, what is the difference between cigarette smoke and [illegible]

Tambo— [illegible] one a man [illegible] ther he kn ws thru [illegible]



[illegible] No, thank [illegible] but you [illegible] little man, all the [illegible] taint that I just wanted [illegible] stick into Billy [illegible] ave a fight in the [illegible]"

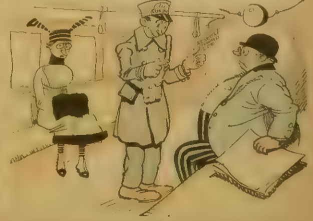
Accepting the Excuse.

[illegible] let that office boy [illegible]
"Said his grandmother was dead
[illegible] d excuse
[illegible] it, but [illegible]
[illegible] honor [illegible]

Below Standard.

Bix "Shakespeare speaks of music being the [illegible]

[illegible] lot of it that couldn't be guaranteed under [illegible]



Conductor (examining transfer)—"The feller that punched this transfer made a mistake and punched it a week ahead! You'll have to git off the car and wait seven days"

The Love Wrecker

Or, Ezra Crabb's Strange Scheme

By George Allan England

[Copyright 1915 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 43, October 23. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XV.

EVENTS crowded so fast that to follow their sequence was all but impossible. The old man, at sight of Paul, screeched out something unintelligible, whirled and tried to scuttle away back of a type-case where another window offered chances of escape. Paul had to lay the girl down, precipitately.

"Here, you!" he shouted, springing none too soon.

Already the misshapen creature, far more agile than one could have believed, had thrown up the sash and got one crooked leg over the sill. Paul jerked him back, by the collar.

"D——n you!" he cried. "Come back here and face the music! Ah! Would you?"

Just in time he flung the druggist from him. A knife-blade flicked thru the dim light. Crabb, overbalanced, stumbled across a pile of papers and old junk, fell sprawling, and landed up against the cold iron of the press. The knife spun away.

Before Crabb could muster breath for a yell of "Help! Murder!" Paul was on him, had him by the throat, and was shaking him as a bulldog shakes a rat.

"None o' that, now!" he warned. "You raise the town, and I tell the whole story! Understand? Then where do you fit, you skunk? Quiet, now! Not a word—not a move!"

Crabb, absolutely cowed and now feeling himself wholly in the power of implacable enemies, subsided to a whimpering whine.

"Shut up!" commanded Paul. "The less you beg, now, the better it'll be for you. To wreck and ruin human lives—that wasn't enough for you. No, on top of it, you have to sneer at your victims and mock them! You descend to insulting a woman—might have murdered her, d——n you, if I hadn't been on the job! You swine! Lucky for you you're old and feeble—otherwise you'd get yours, all right! Lie still there! Don't you move an inch!"

Crabb, quaking with a cold dread, huddled in an unclean heap on the floor. His few remaining teeth castanetted with terror. Spasms of panic racked his meager frame.

Paul, knowing now that the coward would dare make no aggressive move, returned to Lucy. He found her already reviving, helped her with gentle strength into a chair, snatched down a bottle of smelling salts from a shelf of the drug department, and, breaking off the neck of the bottle with one blow of a quoin, made her smell the aromatic spirit.

"There, now!" he soothed her. "That's better, eh? It'll be all right in a minute; everything'll be all right! No, no—no questions, yet!" he interdicted, as she strove to speak. "Just you keep quiet, Luce. Time enough for questions later. Everything's going to be settled presently. Just now, pull together, that's all!"

"Where—where is——"

"Shhh! He's here, safe enough. I've got him, and——"

"But, Paul——"

"There, there! Can you hold the bottle yourself, now? So! That's better! Now, let's see where we're at!"

Hastily he glanced around.

"Hm! This won't do at all!" he exclaimed, striding to the rear of the cluttered room. "Even in this Godforsaken place, somebody might be prying round the back lots. We can't afford to have anybody butting in on us, now!"

Quickly he lowered the windows, and pulled down the dusty, creaking old shade-rollers that possibly had not been lowered in a decade. Then, sure of protection against interlopers, he shut and locked the door leading from the printing-office into the front shop, and pocketed the key.

"Now!" he ejaculated, facing the old man. "Now, Crabb, we're going to have this out, the three of us. To a finish, you understand? You're caught, fair and square. No funny-business, mind! You'd better be good, if you know what is best for yourself!"

"I—I will! I will, Mr. Thayer!" stammered Crabb, still groveling. "You won't—hain't a-goin'——"

"I make no promises! The developments of the next few minutes will determine what's going to happen to you!"

"But, remember, the law——"

"Yes, I know all about the law. We're the law now, for you! Your commission as a J. P. won't hold in our court, let me tell you! After all, what are you afraid of? Only five minutes ago you told Miss Edwards, here, that you were ready and willing to die——"

"Oh, no, no, no! Not that!" supplicated Crabb, prostrating himself amid the litter and striving vainly to embrace the feet of Thayer. "I hain't ready, yit! The very idee strikes a dread to me! I can't peg out yit; I hain't ready! I——"

"Oh, cut that out!" commanded Paul, with bitter disgust, shoving the scrabbling old vermin away with his foot. "There's no danger. You're too tough to die. As for my killing you, forget it! But——"

"Praise the Lord! Praise th' good Lord!" whined Crabb, with pious hypocrisy. "I knowed ye wouldn't murder an old man in cold blood. You, what useter come in here when you wa'n't no bigger 'n a goolthrite, an'——"

"No reminiscences, there! Get up!" Thayer commanded. "Come, get up out o' that! Try to be a man, even if you're not even a fair-sized imitation of one. Get up, I say! I'd haul you up, myself, only I don't want to get my hand infected."

Thus adjured, the aged wretch made shift to arise, with many an apprehensive glance at Paul, who stood towering over him. He sat down quakingly in a chair, and, now in mumbling terror, eyed first Lucy, then his captor, the while he rubbed his hands together with what was probably meant to be conciliatory pantomime.

"Stay there, now!" directed Paul. "If you move, God help you!"

He turned to Lucy, with a sudden change of voice and manner.

"Better, eh?" asked he, solicitously, "That's a girl! Nothing to be agitated over, now!" His hand soothed her shoulder. "All we need is a little thought, a little calmness and common sense. I guess we can handle Crabb all right enough, between us. Only, remember, no more excitement, Luce. And whatever happens, please don't faint again!"

"I won't Paul! I promise!" she faintly smiled. "Only——"

"All right! Now, let's see where we stand. Things have got to be settled here and now. No postponement. We've got the old rat in the trap, at last. He mustn't give us the slip, now!"

"Have mercy on me, a mis'able sinner!" groaned Crabb, with disgusting cant.

Paul eyed him with unmistakable scorn and loathing.

"See here, you old hypocrite," said he, shaking an admonitory forefinger at the quivering wretch, "if you want to save your skin, you keep quiet and obey orders. Understand? Now, first of all, you're going to recall the entire shipment of doped medicines you sent out today."

"How kin I? How kin I? They're gone, a'ready! By now, they're over to th' Ferry, an'——"

"Shut up! Write me an order for the goods, and I'll attend to them in the morning. Into the sea they go, every last bottle——"

"Wuth more 'n eighty——"

"Write me that order! I don't care if they're worth eighty million! A little financial bloodletting will help you profoundly, my friend. The only sensitive portion of your anatomy is your pocketbook. Go on, now, write!"

He stood over Crabb while the terror-stricken miser drew up and signed the order in proper form. Only the old man's extreme panic prevented a request for payment for the confiscated property. Crabb felt that an irreparable blow had fallen. One thing and only one he worshiped more than his frantic spite, and that was money.

Crushed by his loss, he sat there at the littered table under the swinging lamp, inwardly bemoaning his fate, but terrified into outward silence. His eye, however, glinted with evil thought, as now and then he stole a glance at Lucy and her champion. And in his mind were forming thoughts of terrible revenge.

Paul, quite indifferent to consequences, now laid down still further terms.

"Give me all your drugs and chem-

Why those Pains?

Here is a testimonial unsolicited

"If I had my will it would be advertised on every street corner. The man or woman that has rheumatism and fails to keep and use Sloan's Liniment is like a drowning man refusing a rope."—*A. J. Van Dyke, Lakewood, N. J.*

Sloan's Liniment

KILLS PAIN

for RHEUMATISM SPRAINS SORE MUSCLES

SLOAN'S
LINIMENT
KILLS PAIN

FRIENDSHIP BRACELET LINK ONLY 15c

Solid Gold Rolled Guaranteed 5 Yrs.

A Real Beauty. Latest Fashion. The best friendship bracelet on the market. No sewing to ribbon—no linking up. An attractive bracelet from the start. A dandy present. Start a FRIENDSHIP-SLIDE-LINK-BRACELET. Your friends or relatives give or exchange others. What more beautiful token or sentiment could be expressed. [illegible] 15c each, or send 2 c for complete bracelet [illegible] link, as illustrated, [illegible] wanted.

BROADWAY JEWELRY CO.
Dept. 204, 261 Broadway, New York City

GOITRE

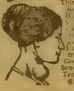
$2.50 TEST TREATMENT FREE

This coupon when filled out and mailed to Dr. W. T. Bobo, [illegible] good for one $2.50 Test Treatment FREE by mail in plain package.

How old is Goitre? .... yrs.
Age? .... Hands Tremble? ....
Nervous? .... Does heart beat too rapidly? ....
Do eyes bulge? .... Health? ....
Name ....
Address 612

Removed at Home Without Operation or Danger

This simple, safe home treatment removes goitre without inconvenience or danger. Hundreds of difficult cases that would not yield to any other treatment have reported immediate results. Mrs. W. A. Pease, [illegible], B. C., writes: "A friend in Alberta got your treatment, and was entirely cured. I concluded to try same, and after using one treatment my Goitre disappeared entirely." *Convince yourself* without pay or obligation. Send above coupon TODAY for $2.50 Test Treatment FREE. Dr. W. T. BOBO 612 Minty Block [illegible]



To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy, Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain SENT FREE.

Don't dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 130 Lincoln Bldg. Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

Influenza or Grip

Dr. John M. Mayhew describes Influenza or La Grippe as a contagious disease, the symptoms of which are sometimes so obscure that a "multitude of sins" are sometimes hid under the diagnosis. It often comes on with a marked chill, or possibly by several hours of chilly sensations accompanied by sneezing, which is soon followed by a distressing cough and sweating, with pains in all parts of the body. Unless checked the disease develops into broncho-pneumonia or a croupous pneumonia. The patient should be put to bed or compelled to take absolute rest in an easy chair, the diet should be light, but should consist of nourishing food and one Anti-Kamnia Tablet should be taken every two or three hours. This treatment will usually break up the disease in a remarkably short time.

Anti-Kamnia Tablets may be obtained at all druggists. Ask for A-K Tablets. They are also unexcelled for Headaches, Neuralgia and All Pain.

1000 Shot Steel Air RIFLE GIVEN

Hamilton 22 Cal. Hunting RIFLE Without Cost

BOYS! We give choice of four Guns (on 4 Easy Plans) for selling our New "Healena" The Salve [illegible] WE TRUST YOU [illegible] Extra Gift [illegible]

WAVERLY SUPPLY CO., Box 284, Monongahela, Pa.

Vacant Government Land

HOW TO GET A FARM FREE

A Billion Acres Open to Homestead Entry and Purchase

FULL INFORMATION to LAND SEEKERS

About the United States Vacant Lands and How to Secure Them

Also, the number of acres and the kind of land described [illegible] The Location of Each Land Office to which Applications are [illegible] of application [illegible] Lands, Oil and Saline Lands, how to acquire Townsites and Millsites, with Diagrams and Tables Revised to Date. 112 pages.

PRICE, PAPER COVERS, 25c, POSTPAID.

W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Parnassus, Pa.

icals used in concocting your infernal stuff," demanded he. "Also, the formula and all the appartus, and your complete supply of the love-blight poison!"

For a moment Crabb almost balked, but Thayer's big fingers closed suggestively about his nape. Their pressure was not to be mistaken. He yielded.

Shuffling feebly, with affected weakness, he crept about the room, gathering together retorts, vials, graduates, and flasks. Thereto he added a test-tube corked with a pledget of cotton, and a medicine-dropper.

"Here y'are!" he grunted, laying the collection on a composing-stone. "That's all they is to it!"

"So help you God?"

"So—er—help me Gawd!" he answered, with a wry grimace.

"That's the stuff, there, in the tube?" demanded Paul, picking up the love-poison.

"That's her!"

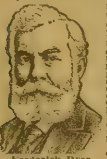
Thayer held it to the light. It showed clear and yellow, with a peculiar, lambent, greenish tinge at the sides. At sight of it the girl hid her face in both hands, shuddering.

"Used the medicine-dropper to measure it out, I suppose?" continued Thayer. "Yes? How many drops does it take, on the average, to destroy all natural affection?"

RHEUMATISM

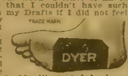
My New Drafts Are Relieving Thousands of Sufferers from This Cruel Disease Without Medicine

Send Postal for Dollar Trial FREE



Frederick Dyer

To everyone suffering with Rheumatism I make this unlimited offer: Send me your address and I'll send you by return mail a Regular Dollar Pair of my New Foot Drafts to try free—fresh from my laboratory and ready to begin their soothing help the minute you put them on. They are relieving thousands of the worst cases of Rheumatism, Chronic and Acute, Muscular, Sciatic, Lumbago, Gout, or other form—no matter where located or how severe. Letters are coming on every mail, from all over the world, telling of the success of my Drafts in the most difficult cases, even after 30 and 40 years' suffering and after the most expensive treatments had failed. No matter what your age or how many other attempts have failed, I want you to Try My Drafts Free without a cent in advance. Then, afterwards, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, you can send me One Dollar. If not, simply write me so, and they cost you nothing. I take your word—I leave it all to you. You can see that I couldn't have such unbounded faith in my Drafts if I did not feel positive that they are more prompt and sure than any other remedy I know of. Don't hesitate. Remember I'm taking all the risk of failure—not you. My valuable illustrated book on Rheumatism comes Free with the Trial Drafts. Address Frederick Dyer, Dept. RZ47, Jackson, Mich. Send Today.



98 cents

5 YEAR GUARANTEE

Railroad Style

To advertise our business, we will send this elegant R. R. style watch by mail for ONLY 98 CENTS. Gentleman's size, full nickel [illegible] locomotive on dial, lever escapement, stem wind and stem set, a perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 5 years. [illegible] 98 CENTS and watch will be sent by mail post paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send 98 cents today. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 538 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

31 PIECE DINNER SET FREE

For selling 12 boxes White Cloverine Salve at 25c per box. Give beautiful picture free with each box. Everybody buys 2 to 3 boxes when you show pictures. Send for one dozen today. WILSON CHEMICAL CO. DEPT. N.49, TYRONE, PA

FREE POWERFUL AIR GUN

[illegible] choice. GATES MFG. CO., Dept. 846 CHICAGO

SILK Remnants Largest Packages of bright colored pieces for Fancy Work TWO 25c PKGS. FOR 30c Chicago Silk Mills, Dept. D., Chicago

TAPE-WORM Expelled alive in 60 minutes with head, or no fee. No fasting. 68 page Book for 2c stamp. DR. M. NEY SMITH, Specialist, 304 N. 12th St., St. Louis, Mo.

20 BEAUTIFUL POST CARDS CHRISTMAS, BIRTHDAY [illegible], with samples of Friendship, Hidden Name & Post Cards, premium Catalogue. All for 10c. RAY PTG. CO., North Haven, Conn.

ASTHMA Prompt Relief. Remedy Guaranteed. Trial mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 768, Augusta, Me.

"Two, er two 'n' a half," grunted Crabb.

"I suppose four or five would go still further, and inspire deadly hatred, eh?"

"Yep. I cal'late so."

Paul smiled bitterly.

"Nice, jovial, cheerful sort of stuff to be dabbling in, isn't it?" he sneered. "Pleasant liquid to be spattering around a community, eh. Ugh, you cobra!"

He walked over to the sink, uncorked the tube and let the contents trickle down, then washed them away with a bucket of water.

Crash!

Tube, vials, flasks, retorts and all went down to wreckage on the floor. Paul ground them with his heel.

"So much for those!" said he. "Now, the formula!"

Crabb dragged himself over to his rusty safe, knelt, spun the knob, and, after considerable fumbling, produced a dirty envelope.

"Here 'tis!"

Paul took out the paper, glanced it over, and with contempt tore it to shreds and cramed these into his pocket.

"Now, pen, ink, and paper!"

"Huh?"

"I'm going to write out your confession!"

"My—confession? Gosh all lightnin'! You hain't——"

"Go on! Hurry up! Writing materials!"

Old Crabb had to obey. With surly mutterings he did Thayer's bidding. Paul sat down at the table. While Lucy watched in silence and Crabb gnawed his nails, he wrote:

> "Greenwood Corner,
> "Mount Desert,
> "June 28th, 1914.
>
> "To Whom It May Concern:
>
> "This certifies that I, the undersigned, am wholly and solely responsible for the recent epidemic of love-wrecking that has afflicted this community. My evil machinations have been many. I hereby swear to abstain from any further deviltry, and to do all in my power to remedy the evil already wrought.
>
> "Signed——————————"

"Here!" Paul commanded. "Your name, now!"

Crabb read it over, thru his dirty glasses, and sucked at his gums.

"Ef I wun't sign?" he leered.

"Then, tomorrow, I make all the facts public. I guess the people of this town can settle with you!"

The old man thought a moment. His face contracted spasmodically.

"All right," he muttered. "Here, gimme th' pen!"

Paul watched him scrawl a tottering "Ezra Crabb" at the bottom of the confession. Then he wrote "Witnessed," and put his own name down.

"Come, Luce, yours too," said he. The girl added her name. Paul folded the paper and put it carefully away in his pocketbook.

"Now, Crabb," said he, "we're thru for tonight. By rights, I ought to give you the most infernal thrashing ever a man got. Your conduct all the way thru, especially your treatment of Miss Edwards, here, tonight, deserves it. But you're old and feeble. I spare you.

"After all, we've got the most important things. We've ferreted you out, destroyed your plant and formula, and got your signed confession. We've pulled your teeth, old rat! You can't bite again!"

"Make one move, try one dirty trick, manufacture another drop of your poison, and—well—this paper goes where it will do the most good! Understand me? There'll be no trifling, I assure you. You are done!"

He turned to the girl.

"Come, Luce; come on! It's time we were going!"

He unlocked the door. Together they walked thru the disordered front shop, past the counter where, only a fortnight earlier, the thoughtless automobile party had drunk the blighting raspberry shrub.

The the girl and he passed out into the starlit calm of the June night.

Behind them the door closed. Sweet was the breath of clover and wild thyme, upon the night breeze.

Far away, the murmur of the tireless surf whispered down the silent spaces of the dark.

Thru Paul's arm slipped the trembling hand of Lucy. And together, silently yet filled with new, strange thoughts, they took the long and winding road that led along the coast toward home.

CHAPTER XVI.

MRS. SOLOMON DEXTER next morning received a sharp surprise on discovering that her marine painter had vanished during the night. The fact that he had left cash on his dresser, ten dollars in excess of his bill, mollified the lady. But in spite of it all, she muttered caustic things about the unreliability and general insanity of artists and such-like.

That same morning the artist was observed at the Ferry freight-shed. There he produced a written order, signed by Ezra Crabb, giving him full possession of a large consignment of "Peerless Root and Herb Extract." He hired a motor-dory, had the twenty-four wooden cases loaded in and—ignoring all hints—proceeded to transport them, as he said, to Gouldsboro, on the "main."

Safely round the southern point of Stave Island, in seventy fathoms of good brine, he chucked the whole mess overboard. The heavy cases of bottles sank like dipsy-leads. The artist watched them pensively, as they shimmered down into the black depths, there to lie in sunless quietude till Judgment Day, and after.

When the last bubble had risen and snapped, he got under way again, cruised about for an hour, and then laid a straight course up Flanders Bay to East Sullivan.

Landing here, he paid a lobsterman liberally to take the dory back to Mount Desert. Himself, he hired an auto, struck the railroad at Franklin, and took a Bangor train at 11:04. In Bangor there are clothing-stores a-plenty.

Late that afternoon, Paul Thayer, in a complete new outfit of white flannels, returned—as he announced to all and sundry—from Boston. The "artist" had forever disappeared from the scene, and Richard was himself again.

Comes 'now the strangest and most vital part of this strange history. For all at once, tho no man could tell just how or when, Love began returning to Crabb's victims.

None save Lucy and Thayer knew the cause of the strange malady which had blighted Love between so many men and wives, parents and children, youths and maidens, there on the Island. Not even the two who understood the truth had foreseen the fact—which Crabb himself had not recognized—that the drug, potent as it had been, had failed to annihilate the one great, universal, all-embracing hunger of the human heart and soul.

All that Crabb had been able to accomplish, all that his malice, his long years of research had been able to evolve, had been a poison able for a time to chloroform Love into passivity. But had he killed it? Never! No; and already now the love-antiseptic had begun to lose its power.

Not so easily was "the greatest thing in the world" to be forever annihilated! For, tho Crabb knew it not, Love is eternal. And hardly had the last batch of the poison sunk to the bottom of Stave Island Harbor, when the invincible, driving spirit of the world, Love—basis of all human joy and hope, all art and beauty, all the highest visionings of the soul—once more began to reassert its inviolable power in the hearts of men and women.

* * * * *

See, now, how Love returned!

That evening, just a little after sunset, as the last delicate purples were giving way to faintly star-flecked black in the zenith, Susie Fisher, sitting in her somewhat ragged hammock under the apple-trees, felt all at once an old, familiar tugging at her heartstrings.

She suddenly realized she was alone there, and that all was not quite well. Without half knowing why, she peered out toward the road, seeming to miss

(Continued on page seventeen.)

TOBACCO HABIT BANISHED

In 48 to 72 Hours Yes, positively permanently banished almost before you know it. Pleasant, easy to take. Results quick, sure, lasting. No craving for tobacco in any form. Not a substitute. Contains no habit-forming drugs. Satisfactory results guaranteed in every case or money refunded. *Tobacco Redeemer* is an absolutely scientific and thoroughly dependable remedy for the treatment of the tobacco habit. Write for free booklet and positive proof.

Newell Pharmacal Co., Dept. 807 St. Louis, Mo.

FREE TAILOR BOOK

Chicago Tailors' Association Chicago

Make $35 to $65 a week showing this great Tailor-Book. Goods so much finer and prices so much lower, everyone sees the difference at a glance.

Special Offer

To prove our unequalled quality, we will let you order at the wholesale price, a Sample Suit or even a pair of pants as low as $2.25—and no extra charges even for the biggest peg top styles. [illegible] measures for the finest tailoring on the market. Write us today.

The Chicago Tailors' Association
Dept. 340, Van Buren and Market Sts., CHICAGO

Goitre Checked

THE DIRECT WAY

Have your Goitre removed without taking medicine or having it cut out. We have an inexpensive, soothing [illegible] which is worn on the neck at night and cures while you sleep. It checks the growth, reduces the [illegible] 23 years success. Write today for free booklet and full particulars, including testimonials from every state, price, etc. Not sold in stores.

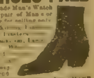
PHYSICIANS REMEDY COMPANY,
757 San Fernando Bldg. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Sterling Silver 10¢ Write To-day [illegible]

Friend Jewelry Co., 332 Main Street Springfield Mass.

WATCH AND SHOES FREE

We positively give a High grade Man's Watch and also a neat, dressy pair of Man's or Woman's Shoes Free for selling only [illegible] profits and premiums. Send No Money. Write today, sure, and we will send [illegible]



ALL FREE BEADS-BRACELET-RING

[illegible]

M. W. SMITH CO. Dept. 44 ELMIRA, N.Y.

—60 Handkerchiefs FREE—

Five dozen white handkerchiefs—ladies' or men's size—absolutely FREE for selling one dozen boxes Dr. Emerick's famous white salve, 25c box. We give beautiful art picture with each box. Quick seller. Big Premium Catalog Free. We trust you. Send name and address to DEPT. 77. DR. M. L. EMERICK CO., Ridgway, Pennsylvania

AIR RIFLE AND HUNTING KNIFE FREE

DAISY RIFLE [illegible]

M. W. SMITH COMPANY Department 40 ELMIRA, N.Y.

23 RUBY JEWEL $35 GOLD WATCH $3.50

Here is the watch you have always wanted. Sent you at our risk and expense. Send no money, not even a deposit. Write if you prefer open face or hunting case, ladies or gents watch and we will send C. O. D. to your P. O. or for free examination and test to your Express office; this beautifully engraved 1916 THIN MODEL 25-YEAR GUARANTEED AMERICAN MADE WATCH. [illegible] pay only $3.50 and the watch is yours.

DREXEL JEWELRY CO., Dept. 63 Chicago

TYPEWRITERS [illegible]

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago

SORE LEGS HEALED

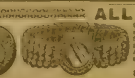
Open Legs, Ulcers, Enlarged Veins, Eczema healed while you work. Write for book "How to Heal My Sore Legs at Home." Describe your case.

A. C. LIEPE, 612 Green Bay Avenue, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DROPSY Treated One Week Free. Short breathing relieved in a few hours; swelling and water reduced in a few days, regulates liver, kidneys, and heart. Write for Free Trial Treatment. Collum Dropsy Remedy Co., Dept. 6, Atlanta, Ga.

FREE TO ANY WOMAN Beautiful 42 Piece Gold Decorated Dinner Set [illegible] only 3 doz. Free cakes of Complexion [illegible] needed. F. Tyrrell Ward [illegible]

GIANT CHRISTMAS PACKAGE Tags, Seals, etc. Also list of book bargains. [illegible] SPECIALTY CO. Balboa Cal. 10c



ALL THESE FREE

Gold plated Locket set with 1m Diamond and 22-inch Neckchain, one Gold finished Signet Extension Bracelet, fits any arm, and these 4 beautiful Rings ALL GIVEN FREE for selling only 15 pieces of our Jewelry at 10c each. Write today

COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO.
DEPT. 11, EAST BOSTON, MASS.

Classified Want Ads

SALESMEN WANTED

TRAVELING SALESMEN WANTED—EX- [illegible] during spare time. Only eight weeks time requir[illegible] Steady positions, easy work. Hundreds of good positions open. Write today for free [illegible] "A Knight of the Grip" and testimonials from hundreds of students we have placed in positions paying $100 to $500 per month. [illegible] Dept. B[illegible] National Salesmen Training Association. Chi[illegible] N[illegible] York, San Francisco.

$3.00 PER DAY ON SIX MONTHS GUAR- antee will be paid right man for your town in our whopping [illegible] Company, 1410 Steger Bu[illegible]ing, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY. THE BEST line of food flavor[illegible] perfumes, soaps and toilet preparations, [illegible] light weight, popular pr[illegible]ed, quick selling necessities—in big demand—well advertised—easy sellers—big repeaters—100% [illegible] plete outfits furnished free to w[illegible] a postal today. American Products Co., [illegible] American Bldg., C[illegible]

ABSOLUTELY BEST PORTABLE LAMP [illegible] candle power. Burns gasolene. [illegible] Cheaper and better than gas or electric light. Every farm and village home needs one. Will sell on sight. Best agents proposition on market. One sal[illegible] per day nets $125.00 per month. Allison Company, [illegible]20 Blackstone Ave, Chicago.

AGENTS—MEN OR WOMEN. A REAL— honest to goodness—sells itself line—over [illegible] light weight, popular priced necessities. We pay 100% commission. $6 a day can be made at the start. No capital—no experience [illegible] Enormous demand—sells fast—big [illegible] territory open—all [illegible] spare time. Elegant Agents Outfit Furnished Fr[illegible] Write today—postal will do. American Products Co., 3518 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISH- ing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $200.00 weekly operating our "New System Sp[illegible] Candy Factories" home anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

$33.84 PROFITS ON EACH FULL ORDER daily—sells every home. Amazing inven- [illegible] lights home. Something new. Everybody pleased. Demonstration outfit 35c. Plans free. International Mfg., Dept. [illegible]

PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO, PIL- [illegible] luminous crucifix, photo plates, frames, sheet pictures, papier mache frames, [illegible] Lowest prices; rejects credited; prompt shipments; 30 days' credit; catalog and samples free. Jas. C. Bailey, Desk Y-2 [illegible]

WANTED RELIABLE PEOPLE—PLACE Eggine in stores and appoint sub-agents. Takes place of eggs in baking and cooking at [illegible] Large package and particulars 10c [illegible] Morrissey Company, 4403-21 Madison, Chicago.

THE SHOMESCOPE IS THE IDEAL HOLI- [illegible] Big opportunity to earn lots of Christmas money. Write quick for particulars. Shomescope Mfg. Co., 520 W. 13th St, Kansas C[illegible]

AGENTS — LARGE MANUFACTURER wants reliable men, women, to sell guaranteed hosiery, underwear, shirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 588 Broadway, New York.

SUITS $3.75, PANTS $1.00, MADE TO measure. For even a better offer than this write and ask for free samples and [illegible] Knickerbocker Tailoring Co., Dept [illegible], Ch[illegible]

AGENTS—500 PER CENT PROFIT; GOLD and silver sign letters for store and office w[illegible] Any one can put on. Write today f[illegible] sample. Metallic Letter Co., 41[illegible] N [illegible]

WANTED—CHRISTIAN MEN, EVERY- [illegible] wholesale and retail our twenty-five cent Christian Calendar. P[illegible] profit. Messenger, 22 Quincy, Chicago.

I WILL START YOU IN THE MAIL ORDER [illegible] handle my goods. Crest Co., 77, Atlantic City, N[illegible]

SAMPLES FREE. BIG MONEY SELLING King products. Quick sellers, constant repeaters, exclusive territory. B. L. King, Coudersport, Pa.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce poultry [illegible] Year's contract. In[illegible] M[illegible] Co., Dept. 67, Parsons, Kans.

AGENTS—MADE TO MEASURE RAIN- [illegible] Free coat, big commissions to good a[illegible] Temple Raincoat Co., Box 42[illegible] [illegible]pleton, Mass.

CUSTOM RAINCOATS, LARGEST LINE. Biggest commissions, [illegible] Write today Imperial Raincoat Co., Desk A, Boston, Mass.

$100 MONTHLY SALARY AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to [illegible] anteed stock and poultry tonic [illegible] year's contract. Redwood Chemical Co., St. Paul, Min[illegible]

PUZZLE OF FIVES, HARDEST YET, 28,000 combinations, agents sample 10c, Lawrence, Box 4222A, New Britain, Conn.

DISTRIBUTORS WANTED IN TOWNS AND cities for our household article. [illegible] Bible House, New York.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, OHIO [illegible] Agents and storekeepers su[illegible]

HELP WANTED

THOUSANDS GOVERNMENT JOBS OPEN to men, women. [illegible] Short hours. [illegible] Common education [illegible] W[illegible] immediately for free list of positions [illegible] Franklin Institute, Dept. D30, [illegible]

$[illegible] FOR RELIABLE MAN OR WOMAN distribute 2,000 free pkgs. Borax Powder with Soaps, etc [illegible] No money or experience ne[illegible] [illegible]stitute Chicago.

INVENTORS WANTED. YOUR IDEAS MAY mean fortune. Send sketch. Patents secured through new credit system. Book and advi[illegible] f[illegible] 4276 Warder Bldg., W[illegible]

$[illegible] WEEKLY COLLECTING NAMES AND [illegible]esses. Send stamp. Superba Co., W[illegible] 5[illegible] [illegible]imore, Md.

Classified Want Ad Information

The rate for one insertion in Chicago Ledger and one insertion in The Saturday Blade is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size of ad or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500 N. Dearborn St. CHICAGO, ILL.

HELP WANTED (Continued.)

I WANT A MAN IN EVERY COUNTY TO handle real estate sales for me. No capital or experience required. If you want to make some good money during spare time, write me. Downing, 219 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

MAKE MONEY WRITING STORIES OR AR- ticles. Big pay. Send for free booklet. United Press Syndicate, San Francisco.

MALE HELP WANTED

WANTED—MEN TO LEARN THE BARBER trade. Few weeks completes. Tools given. Board secured. Positions or locations when competent. 33 big colleges. Write nearest one. Dept. 3, Moler System, Chicago, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo.; New Orleans, La.; Atlanta, Ga.; Kansas City, Mo.; Omaha, Neb.; Denver, Colo.; Indianapolis, Ind.; San Francisco, Calif.

WANTED—MEN PREPARE AS FIREMEN, brakemen, electric motormen, train porters (colored). Hundreds put to work—$65 to $150 a month. No experience necessary. 500 more wanted. Enclose stamp for application blank and book. State position. I. Railway C. I., Dept. A, Indianapolis, Ind.

I NEED BRANCH MANAGERS FOR MY world wide mail order business, operate from your own home in spare time; no canvassing or peddling; experience unnecessary, you should make $50. weekly. Butler 491. Factories, Toledo, Ohio.

A SURE JOB FOR YOU WITH BIG PAY and steady work. Thousands of Government positions open this year. Write for big Free Book D V-1034 which tells how to get one.—Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

$10 PER 100 UPWARD PAID TACKING signs, distributing booklets, samples, etc. Send 6c stamps for price list paid secure territory. Shepard's Distributing Agency, Lebanon, N. H.

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS — THOR- ough instruction, $5. Returned if not appointed. Particulars feer. American Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

SALARY $15 WEEK AN DCOMMISSION, TO sell to farmers and other consumers. Every locality. Send stamp. Star, 2829 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.

BE AN AUTOMOBILE EXPERT IN SIX weeks. Our big book tells you how. Automobile Training School, 1052 Locust St., Kansas City, Mo.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS WANTED Commence $75.00 month. Sample examination questions free. Franklin Institute, Dept [illegible]170, Rochester, N. Y.

I WILL START YOU EARNING $4 DAILY at home, silvering mirrors; free instructive booklet. G. F. Redmond, Dept. 400, Boston, [illegible]

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, ALL RAILROADS; $120 monthly. Experience unnecessary. Railway Association, Dept. P-34, Brooklyn, New York.

I CONDUCTED GOVERNMENT EXAMINA- [illegible] can help you secure Railway Mail [illegible] positions. Trial exam- [illegible] St. Louis.

IF SALARY OF $100.00 PER MONTH AND [illegible] N[illegible] 2907 Indiana Ave., [illegible]

BE A DETECTIVE. EARN FROM $150.00 to $300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kan[illegible] M[illegible]

MEN, WOMEN, COMMON SCHOOLING, DE- [illegible]

GOVERNMENT FARMERS WANTED $60 [illegible] $125 monthly. Free li[illegible] quarters. Write Ozment, 68 F, St. Louis.

BE A DETECTIVE. EARN BIG PAY, EASY work. Travel [illegible] opportunities [illegible]

FEMALE HELP WANTED

A RARE OPPORTUNITY, MAKE COMFORT- able living home sewing plain cloth seams any sewing machine. Steady. No canvassing. No triflers reply. Send 10c for samples. [illegible] Home [illegible]

WOMEN WANTED AS GOVERNMENT clerks. $70 month. Examinations coming everywhere. Sample questions free. W[illegible] immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. [illegible] Rochester, N. Y.

FREE TO ANY WOMAN, BEAUTIFUL 42- [illegible] gold decorated dinner set for dis[illegible]ing only 3 doz. free cakes of Complexion [illegible]p. No money or experience needed. B. W. Tyrrell Ward, 218 Institute Place, Chicago.

WANTED—PERSONS TO COLOR ART PIC- tures at home; easy work; no experience; good pay; sample free. Gleason Wheeler, Dept. 101, 237 Madison, Chicago.

LADIES—MAKE SHIELDS AT HOME. $10 per 100; no canvassing required. Send stamped addressed envelope for particulars. Eureka Co., Dept. 17, Kalamazoo, Mich.

WOMEN TO SEW, MATERIAL PREPAID [illegible] wing. No can- [illegible] lope for prices [illegible] Phila., Pa.

LADIES DO SEWING AT HOME, MATERIAL furnished; no canvassing; stamped envelope. Acme Sales Co., Dept. 133, Denver, Colo.

WANTED—APRON MAKERS—SEND FIF- teen cents. Returned if dissatisfied. Kenwood Shops, 4706 Ellis Ave., Chicago.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

OIL WELLS MAKE FORTUNES. WE OWN valuable leases in the great Humble, Texas oil field, where many investors have made fortunes from gusher oil wells. We now have one producing well on our leases where we will drill three more wells in which we are now selling shares at $15 each; terms $2 cash, $2 monthly. Wonderful opportunity for small investors to secure interest in these three wells on our co-operative plan at ground floor prices for limited time. Our guarantee protects purchasers. Write today for free literature and maps. Bryan Petroleum Co., 230 First National Bank Bldg., Houston, Texas.

ADVERTISING ADVICE—IF YOU HAVE anything to sell, a mail order plan to develop, or if you want agents, salesmen, etc., send for our latest advertising directory of newspaper and magazine combinations. The benefit of our 17 years experience as Mail Order Specialists, free advice, and criticism of your copy, are at your disposal. Rudolph Guenther, Inc., 25 Broad St., New York.

$20 INVESTED NOW MAY MAKE $2,000. Terms $1 monthly. We will start drilling within 90 days in proven oil field, producing 100,000 barrels oil daily. By our new plan you get deed to land and interest in three wells. Write today. Bennett Co-operative Co., 513 First National Bank, Houston, Texas.

$15 BUYS DEED TO LAND, ALSO INTER- est in three oil wells that should pay you $100 for every dollar invested. Payments $1 monthly. Complete information free. Address Texas-Gulf Co., 706 Union Bank, Houston, Texas.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

REAL ESTATE

SOUTHERN LANDS ARE LOW IN PRICE, but high in productive value; make two to four crops a year and give largest profits in grain, vegetables, fruits, live stock and dairying. Unsurpassed climate, good markets. Southern Progress is on the Southern Railway. Publications on request. M. V. Richards, Commissioner, Room 5, Southern Railway, Washington, D. C.

MISSOURI LANDS

HOMESEEKERS DESIRING LAND FOR homes or investment will receive valuable information and map of Missouri by addr[illegible]ing Immigration Bureau, Station A, Springfield, Missouri.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

$50.00 CLEAR NIGHTLY—WE START YOU in the moving picture business on the installment plan. No experience necessary. Write for free catalog. Monarch Film Service, Dept. [illegible] Memphis, Tenn.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

WANTED! YOUR IDEAS FOR PHOTO- plays and stories! Big Rewards. We accept scripts in any form; criticise free; sell on commission. Hundreds making money. Get busy. Write today for details. Story Revision Co., 500 Main, Auburn, N. Y.

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS, SHORT STORIES, poems; $100 each. No correspondence course. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co. 344, Cincinnati.

POULTRY

SQUABS AND POULTRY FOR PROFIT. Foy's Big Book tells all about it. Mailed free. Frank Foy, Clinton, Iowa.

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONG POEMS WANTED FOR PUBLICA- tion. Experience unnecessary. Send us your verses or melodies today or write for instructive booklet—it's free. Marks-Goldsmith Co., Dept. 33, Washington, D. C.

MEDICAL

WANTED — EVERYBODY SUFFERING Piles, Fistula, Fissures, Ulceration, Constipation, Bleeding, Itching; write, free trial. Positive. Painless Pile Remedy, S. U. Tarney, Auburn, Ind.

PATENTS

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. [illegible]d sketch for free search and report [illegible] and most complete patent book e[illegible] [illegible]d sent free. George P. Kimmel, 260 [illegible]r Building, Washington, D. C.

"PATENTS AND PATENT POSSIBILITIES," a [illegible]2-page treatise sent free upon request; [illegible] what to invent and where to sell it. Write today. H. S. Hill, 932 McLachlen Bldg., Washington, D[illegible]

PROTECTIVE PATENTS PROCURED promptly. 112 pg. Blue Book free. Trade marks registered. Robb & Robb, 248 Southern Building, W[illegible]

PATENTS THAT PROTECT—PATENT YOUR ideas; they may bring you wealth; 64 page book free. Fitz Gerald & C[illegible], Dept. 804, Washington, D. C.

INVENTIONS, STORIES, SONGS MARKETED on commission. Inventors' Agency, 2810 Lake St., Chicago.

OLD COINS WANTED

WILL PAY $750.00 CASH FOR $5 GOLD piece dated 1822 (without "In God We Trust"); $50.00 for 1853 half, without arrows; $[illegible].00 to $50.00 cash for large cent 1799, etc. We pay cash premiums for all large cents, eagle cents, 2c pieces, etc., and all rare U. S. and foreign coins, bills and stamps to 1912. Thousands of rare coins wanted. Many valuable pieces are in circulation. Send 4c. Get our large Illustrated Coin Circular containing valuable information. It may mean much to you. You certainly have nothing to lose. Send to Numismatic Bank of Texas, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

$2 TO $500 EACH PAID FOR HUNDREDS of coins dated before 1910. Send ten cents for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. It [illegible] Get posted. Clarke Coin Company, Box [illegible] Le Roy, N. Y.

PERSONAL

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z. R.)

LET ME READ YOUR CHARACTER FROM your handwriting. Mind you get a good reading that will help you in love, health, business and domestic affairs. Price 10c. Money back if dissatisfied. H. G. Beauchamp, [illegible]3 8th Ave., New York City.

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE THE SPECIAL- ist will obtain his latest book on symptoms and cure of varicocele, stricture and urinary diseases. Every man should have it; postage 4 cts. Send today. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

PIMPLES, PUSTULES, ACNE ERUPTIONS, Red Nose, Marks, Scars, Discolorations permanently eradicated; natural skin restored. Describe case for free booklet. Dr. Rodgers, 36 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

WE'VE GOT THEM—THE ORIGINAL bathing girls. Photographs 3 for 25c, 8-50c. Daniel Lenn Co, 1204 Broadway, New York.

MARRY RICH—BIG LIST OF DESCRIP- tions and photos of congenial people with means FREE. Sealed. Either sex. Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Illinois.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

WHAT HAPPENED TO ESTELLE. REAL life. Naked truth. Can't tell about it here. Sent sealed. Plain wrapper, 25c. Denford Pub. Co., 411 Morton Bldg., New York.

LOVERS' SACHET, WINS SWEETHEARTS. Used personally, or secretly in correspondence. Powder 25c. Renzi, Stone St., Newark, N. J.

STOP TOBACCO, WITHOUT HARMFUL drugging, quickly, secretly, inexpensively. Free booklet tells how. Hotex Remedy Company, Dept. A, Houston, Texas.

LOVERS, SEND ONLY 20 CENTS, FOR $1.75 packages Patented Lovine Sachet. Real thing. Guaranteed. Never fails. Union, Box 100, Palatine, Ill.

FROM BALLROOM TO HELL. A GREAT book. Startling truths revealed. Price [illegible]c. Enterprise, E-3348 Lowe, Chicago.

100 BATHING BEACH GIRLS, IN ASSORT- ed, bewitching poses, 10c. Wayne, D-3348 Lowe Ave., Chicago.

MARRY—BIG PAPER WITH ALL NAMES, addresses and photos 25c. Box 2[illegible] B, Boston, Mass.

HUNDREDS WEALTHY MEMBERS SEEK- ing early marriage. Descriptions free. Mrs. Wrubel, 752 18th st., Oakland, Calif.

CORRESPOND. GET MARRIED. NAMES, addresses and descriptions 10c. Progressive Social Center, 2618 Cortez St., Chicago.

HAVE SWEETHEARTS EVERYWHERE. Receive letters from every place. Membership 10c. Hoosier Club, Terre Haute, Indiana.

TWO STUNNING PICTURES OF FEMALE loveliness at bath, 10c. Hoosier Co., Terre Haute, Ind.

MY LADY BEAUTIFUL AT BATH. TWO nature poses, 10c. Curtis Co., Terre Haute, Indiana.

10,000 MEMBERS WISH TO CORRESPOND with you. Membership 10c. Curtis Club, Terre Haute, Indiana.

MISS MERRY WIDOW BEFORE THE bath. 2 poses 10c. Pen Co., Terre Haute, Ind.

LITTLE MISS MABLE IN TWO NATURE poses 10c. Pendergast Co., Terre Haute, Indiana.

PHOTOS—GIRLS BEFORE BATH, SAM- ples 25c. Rensibritte, Stone St., Newark, N. J.

LOVERS' SACHET WINS YOUR SWEET- heart without delay. Powder and its "secret" 25c. Britt's, Stone St., Newark, N. J.

MARRY—THOUSANDS WEALTHY, ANX- ious to marry; description free, confidential. 268 Market, San Francisco, Cal.

FUTURE FORETOLD, YEAR'S PREDICTION sent sealed for 20c, birth date. Prof. Sproul, 9916 St. Clair, Cleveland, Ohio.

FORTUNE TELLING CARDS; FULL PACK, with instructions, 50 cents. Easy Card Co., Waterbury, Conn.

MEDIUM — 4 QUESTIONS, 10c AND stamped envelope. Just what the guides [illegible] Mrs. Williams, 934 Evans, Pueblo, Colo.

"LOVERS PERFUME POWDER," DOUBLE strength. Package prepaid, one dime. Scientific Extract Co., Akron, Ohio.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Mailed free. The Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

FUTURE TOLD—10c BIRTHDATE. SATIS- faction guaranteed. Florence Edwards, 305 S. La Salle St., Dept A214, Chicago.

GET MARRIED; LARGEST MATRIMONIAL magazine published. Mailed free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

MARRY RICH — HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO marry. Descriptions and photos free. R. Unity, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Love Wrecker.

(Continued from page fifteen.)

something, to be waiting for something—yet what it was she still could hardly tell.

"My land, it's kinda—lonesome here, tonight, ain't it?" she murmured softly, tugging at a broken strand of the old hammock. "I wonder—I wonder ——"

All at once her heart leaped oddly, and thru the gloom she peered with eager eyes. There, stealing along beyond the whitewashed picket-fence, she saw a vague, dim figure. Every night since the fateful picnic, that half-seen figure had crept along the fence, timidly, wistfully, humbly, and with patient and longing eyes had watched her house, her window, amply rewarded by only some chance glimpse of her, by some sound of her voice, even by a glimmer of light from any room where she might be.

Susie realized, suddenly, that a lump had formed in her throat, that both her eyes were wet, and that her heart was beating fast.

"Lawsee, what a fool I be!" she murmured, trying hard to hold herself in check, not quite understanding, yet knowing a new, delicious thrill was subtly invading her whole being.

At the gate, the half-seen figure paused. Susie could just barely catch its outline in the thickening dark. A moment more, she knew, and it would pass on, in silence, and vanish.

Suddenly she stood up, trembling and pale. Without volition, even despite herself, she took a few hesitant steps toward the gate.

"Bud?" she called, in a strange, trembling voice. "Oh, Bud?"

"Huh? You callin' me?" answered a boyish quaver.

"I—no! Oh, yes, yes, I am! No! Don't you dare!"

But already the hinges had creaked as the old gate opened wide. Already, thru the dark aisles beneath the apple-trees, the figure was approaching.

Then all at once Sue Fisher burst into tears and hid her face against the comforting roughness of a tree-trunk and cried as tho her heart would break.

The conclusion of this remarkable story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. Read it. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

* * *

ALMOST TERRIBLE.

Mrs. Potter was careless. She was careless about her clothes, about her money (and incidentally her husband's), about her handbags, about packages, about almost everything. If the truth must be told, her pathway was strewn with misplaced articles of various sizes and descriptions and of greater or less value. In a less admirable person this fault might not have been so glaring, but as she had no other flaws in her husband's eyes this particular trait took on gigantic proportions to him.

"It's inexcusable for a grown woman to be so heedless," Potter remarked heatedly one evening after he had had a peculiarly exasperating time pursuing to its lair a handsome muff which his wife had carelessly left on the train.

Mrs. Potter dropped a kiss upon his bald spot.

"What's the diff when I have a nice old thing like you to run around and find them for me?" she inquired blithely.

"You may not always have me," rejoined Potter, darkly.

"Toots!" replied Mrs. Potter, frivolously. "I couldn't lose you."

"Well, I'm afraid you'll get a severe lesson some day," Potter said sententiously.

The annoyance of his hunt for the muff was still rankling to a certain extent several mornings later, when, along toward noon, after having spent most of the morning at home going over some important papers, he paused beside the table in the reception-hall and scowled down upon a handbag which lay there.

"I'll bet anything she's left that $20 bill in it that I gave her last night," he thought. Then he tried the front door.

"Unlocked, of course," he continued his angry musings. He picked up the bag, held it uncertainly for a moment while he glanced about the hall, and then dropped it into the umbrella stand. After which he proceeded to his office with the serene consciousness of having begun the teaching of a good moral lesson.

Several hours later, as he took down the receiver of the telephone in answer to its rippling demand for attention, his wife's voice, agitated, came to him.

"Oh, George, George, please, please! I don't know what to do! The most awful thing has happened. Oh, please hurry—I don't know——"

"Hurry where?"

"Here, home," she fairly shrieked. "Don't wait a minute! Don't wait a second!"

Potter hurtled out of the office, hat in one hand, coat in the other, and plunged madly into a taxi, hurling half a dollar and a fire of instructions at the chauffeur.

Just what tortures Potter, naturally of an apprehensive turn of mind, went thru during that short drive home he only knows. He dashed up the front steps of his home with his mind whirling with visions of the awful catastrophes which had, he felt, most certainly overtaken his cherished family. At the door his wife flung herself into his arms, crying hysterically.

"Wait just a minute," she gasped, "till I tell you about it. She's in there."

"Who?" queried Potter excitedly.

"The woman—the book agent," his wife quivered. "She says—oh, it's been perfectly terrible, George! She came this morning while I was brushing up the hall and she just would come in and then when I wouldn't buy anything she was mad, anyway, and so she left her bag, and then, after a while she came back and she says that she left it here, and I'm sure I never saw it, and she says if we don't do something about it she's going to get a policeman, and I didn't know what on earth to do, so I just called you up."

"What—what—kind of a bag?" Potter, stiff with a sensation previously unknown to him, put the question with chilled lips.

His wife's shoulders twitched with a gesture of impatience.

"Oh, just any kind of a bag, a handbag, I suppose. What difference does it make? She says she knows she left it here, because she's perfectly sure she did, and she's been here for an hour, and we've looked everywhere, and I'm sure I never saw it, and I've been so wretched and just in another minute she says she's going for a policeman, and I think she's going to have us all arrested, and I don't know what on earth we'll do."

"Nonsense," said Potter, but he realized that his voice sounded weak and ineffectual. "Are you sure you looked everywhere? Did you look in the table drawer—and—and under the table and—and—under the hatrack?" Mrs. Potter twitched in impatient assent at each suggestion. "And—and the umbrella stand?" Mrs. Potter's shoulders became rigid for a second. Then she tore herself from his arms and leaped hopefully toward the umbrella stand.

Some time later, in reply to Mrs. Potter's reiterated wonderings as to how on earth the bag could have got into the umbrella stand, he ventured this craven suggestion.

"Perhaps," he said, but his eyes did not meet hers with a bold, free stare, "perhaps the baby did it."

It was not until then that the germ of suspicion entered Mrs. Potter's previously trustful mind. She looked searchingly into her husband's partly averted face. "George Potter," she said, "do you mean to tell me——"

"No," said Potter firmly, "I don't."

Mrs. Potter still loses things, but Potter has no suggestions to offer when she reports these mishaps—only a patient, forbearing smile.

* * *

NOVEMBER'S CHARMS.

Despite Tom Hood's quaint lines on "No,"
  I can't dislike November.
The cold [illegible] ll and cold winds blow.
  For alw[illegible] [illegible]vember.
The cakes and [illegible] that mother makes
  In weather blea[illegible]
W[illegible] Thanksgiving Day she bakes
  [illegible] giant turkey.

Then let the furious winds go howl,
  Or start an icy drizzle;
I think upon that noble fowl
  That in the pan doth sizzle,
'Tis something then to be near by
  Mother or aunt or some kin,
To taste the bird and homemade pie
  Of mince or pumpkin.

I care not for the sky of lead,
  For dun fields cold and sodden,
For months those fields I shall not tread.
  But, oh, the path's well trodden
That leads us to the kitchen door
  In [illegible] dy
To ask as [illegible] st asked before,
  [illegible] r ready?"

* * *

His Wardrobe.

Mr. Isaac Taylor Headland tells the following story to illustrate the conveniences of the Chinese costume:

A Chinese Government representative, who was new to American ways, came to the home of an eminent New York banker for a week's visit. It was winter, but he came without luggage, and yet every day he appeared at dinner with a change of garments.

At first his hostess wondered how he managed it, but soon she discovered that his body was his trunk and that instead of putting his clothes into his trunk he put his trunk into his clothes. His garments were like the layers of an onion, except that any layer might be worn on the outside, and as some of his gowns—for such they might be called—were of silk, lined with fur, or fur, lined with silk, he could wear them either side out, at will.

* * *

Married in Haste.

The old-time editor of Georgia was usually the mayor as well. He was also justice of the peace, conveyancer and real estate agent, deacon of the church, leading lawyer, and head of the building and loan.

As one of these editors was writing a two-column editorial on the tariff, a Georgia couple came in to be married. The editor, without once looking up without once slackening the steady movement of his pen, said:

"Time's money. Want her?"

"Yes," said the youth.

"Want him?" the editor continued, nodding toward the girl.

"Yes," she replied.

"Man and wife," pronounced the editor, his pen traveling smoothly and rapidly. "One dollar. Bring a load of wood for it—one-third pine, balance oak."

For Piles

Pyramid Pile Treatment Is Used At Home and Has Saved a Vast Number from the Horror of Operation.

Don't permit a dangerous operation for piles until you have seen what Pyramid Pile Treatment can do for you in the privacy of your own home.

Remember Pyramid — Forget Piles.

No case can be called hopeless unless Pyramid Pile Treatment has been tried and has failed. Letters by the score from people who believed their cases hopeless are in our files. They fairly breathe the joy of the writers.

Test Pyramid Pile Treatment yourself. Either get a box—price 50c—from your druggist or mail the coupon below right away for a perfectly free trial.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON
PYRAMID DRUG COMPANY,
291 Pyramid Bldg., Marshall, Mich.
Kindly send me a Free sample of Pyramid Pile Treatment, in plain wrapper.
Name ....
Street ....
City .... State.... .....

If I Send You this Suit

made to your measure, in the latest style, loose box back, would you be willing to keep and wear it, show it to your friends and let them see our beautiful samples and dashing new styles.

[illegible] $[illegible] a day [illegible] surprising liberal offer.

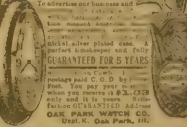
Address: L. E. ASHER, President
BANNER TAILORING CO.
Dept. 212 CHICAGO

Veterinary Course at Home

Dr. E. H. Baldwin writes: "I took the course for my own benefit on the farm, but the success I had started me in practice and now I am going night and day. Your course has been worth thousands to me, and will be to any man."

$1500 A YEAR and upwards can be made by taking our Veterinary course at home during spare time. Taught in simplest English. Diploma granted. Graduates assisted in getting locations or positions. Cost within reach of all. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Write for particulars
The London Veterinary Correspondence School Dept. 51
London, Ontario, Canada



C.O.D. $1.53 BY PARCEL POST
To advertise our business and [illegible] nickel silver plated case. A perfect timekeeper and fully GUARANTEED FOR 5 YEARS [illegible] postage paid C. O. D. by [illegible] Post. You pay your [illegible] when you receive it $1.53 only and it is yours. Satisfaction GUARANTEED. Address
OAK PARK WATCH CO.
Dept. K. Oak Park, Ill.

A WOMAN'S APPEAL

To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism, whether muscular, or of the joints, sciatica, lumbagos, backache, pains in the kidneys or neuralgia pains, to write to her for a home treatment which has repeatedly relieved all of these tortures. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers FREE. You cure yourself at home as thousands will testify—no change of climate being necessary. [illegible] giving elasticity and tone to the whole system. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Summers, [illegible] South Bend, Ind.

4 RINGS FREE

We will send you 4 Gold filled Rings guaranteed 3 yrs, your Birthstone, your Initial Signet, beautiful Band Ring and handsome engagement ring [illegible] chiefs at 10c. each. Write today.
H[illegible] Diamond Chip Signet Wedding
AMERICAN LINEN CO., Dept. A 19 TYRONE, PA.

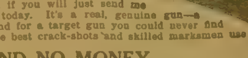
GALL STONES AVOID OPERATIONS
[illegible] stone Pains or Aches in Stomach, Back, Sides or Shoulders, Liver Trouble, Stomach Mis[illegible] as Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, [illegible] Sallow or Itchy Skin or Bad Color. Send today for our Liver Gall Book for STOMACH SUFFERERS. FREE
Gallstone Remedy Co., Dept. B-31, 219 So. Dearborn St., Chicago

$100 Per Mo. SALARY I want man or woman in your town to look after my interests. Will pay up to $100 monthly salary. Write fully at once—send no money. Mgr., G.-S. Co., 608 Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

PILES If you are afflicted with piles in any [illegible] FREE [illegible] Infallible Pile Tablets and you will ever bless the day you read this.
Infallible Tablet Co., Dept. 247, Marshall, Mich.

BOYS! EARN A RIFLE FREE!

I have given hundreds of these splendid, 1915 Model, 22 Caliber Hunting Rifles to boys all over the country. I will give you one without one cent of cost if you will just send me your name and address today. It's a real, genuine gun—a splendid Hunting Rifle, and for a target gun you could never find a better one. Some of the best crack-shots and skilled marksmen use it.



SEND NO MONEY
Just Your Name and Address

You can earn this excellent Rifle for doing just a few minutes' pleasant work among your friends and neighbors. Be the first in your neighborhood to own one of these fine Hunting Rifles by sending me your name and address right away, before you lay down this paper. As soon as I hear from you I will write you by return mail, telling you all about my simple, easy plan by which you can get this valuable gun absolutely FREE and PREPAID. Don't delay. Write me at once. Address—

THE RIFLE MAN, Dearborn and Illinois Sts., CHICAGO

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1886, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For display, $2.50 each Agate Line; for Classified, 30 cents a word, per insertion for 1,250,000 circulation in the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

1,250,000

COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

Replies are not always answers.

A light diet is the best board of health.

Ambition never has time to take a day off.

Teeth are like verbs—regular, irregular, and defective.

Don't use your best friend for a crutch. Go it alone.

There's nothing like being ready when opportunity knocks.

Charity gives itself rich and covetousness hoards itself poor.

Most men get married before they are old enough to know better.

Wisdom is the art of being out when people call who want to borrow.

Some merchants need larger quarters and some need more quarters.

It isn't always the clock with the loudest tick that keeps the best time.

The man with but a single idea always has an exalted opinion of himself.

An old bachelor says the friendship of two women is always a plot against a third.

Spending a dollar before it is earned is like eating an egg that is to be laid tomorrow.

But when a girl refuses to flirt it's a sign that she is really and truly in love with one man.

Some men perform a duty as if they were paid for doing it and were doubtful about the pay.

The man who does his best will hold his job longer than the man who could do better but doesn't.

If one man tells a woman she is beautiful all the rest of the world can't convince her that she is homely.*

No, Ferdinand, we wouldn't advise any man with an impediment in his speech to go to a speak easy for treatment.

The small boy enjoys coasting, but the average man finds that he can go downhill fast enough without a sled under him.

Many a girl who intends to marry a millionaire is lucky if she gets a husband who can provide her with a regular meal ticket.

It does seem queer that people who are not able to make good themselves seem to think they can hand a winning brand of advice to others.

Home and Health

FASHION NOTES.

Frocks are still severely plain.

Even little velvet bags are now trimmed with fur.

Jackets with shirred waistlines are among the prettiest.

There never was greater latitude in fur fashions than this year.

Panne plush is one of the preferred materials for dressy suits.

Bright waists are in great demand to relieve the somber-colored suits.

Wool and metal embroideries are lavishly used as trimming on wool suits.

A lovely sapphire shade of blue is much used by one famous Parisian designer.

Princess dresses with draped hips and front panels have the new winged skirts.

Heels and hair must be worn high in order to make women tall enough to wear the wide skirts gracefully.

One sees the close waist, the drop shoulder, the flare, the extreme shortness, and the puffed sleeve all in one gown.

Waists are being made nowadays of a lovely changeable silk in the most exquisite shades of orchid, peach, sunset and blue.

Many of the newest hats are now being shown in the handsome shades of taupe gray and brown, and the more popular veils are those of deep cream, pale tan, and a rich golden brown, instead of the almost proverbial black or dark blue.

❖

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Starched clothes, shirts, collars, cuffs, etc., if dried before a bright fire after ironing, become beautifully stiff.

The secret of one woman's delicious mince pies was a pint of preserved citron added to a gallon of mince meat. This imparts a most delicious flavor.

Stains on flannels may be removed by applying equal quantities of yolk of egg and glycerin, and allowing it to soak for half an hour before the garment is washed.

Grape juice, ginger ale, fruit juice or any kind of liquid of like nature may be kept for any period if laid upon its side or placed bottom up. This is vouched for by a physician. Thus, if the liquid covers the cork, the moisture will keep the cork expanded and there will be no room for the air to find its way in and ruin it.

The far-seeing woman manages to be a dozen ahead of her needs in table and bed linen. Thus she has an extra dozen of napkins laid away in her chest for a hurry call, so that if she finds the dozen in actual use suddenly giving out, she has some presentable ones ready for unexpected guests and to keep her going well until she has been able to buy, hem and mark a new dozen.

When the stains on ivory are slight and will not disappear when rubbed off with a dry cloth, wash the article thoroly in warm water and soapsuds and then, without drying it on a cloth, place it in the bright sunlight for a few minutes. This exposure will usually remove the stains. After they have disappeared wash the ivory again in soap and water, rinse it thoroly and dry carefully with a soft cloth. Where the stains do not disappear entirely after contact with the sun's rays, the ivory should be washed again in soap and water, then rinsed in clear water to which a little lemon juice has been added. Care must be taken to have the temperature of the water right, as too great heat will injure ivory. Dark discolorations require the services of an expert to remove.

❖

NEEDLEWORK.

Men's shirts can be made into very nice afternoon aprons, using the back for the front of aprons and the front of the shirts for the sides. Will wear a long time.

To make lace lie flat and form a circle for an oval or round centerpiece, roll lace very tight, tie and dip edge in water to shrink; when dry it is ready to sew to material.

With very thin goods, if there is a tendency to pull or pucker, just lay a piece of paper under the goods and stitch thru both. The paper may be torn away and the seam will be perfectly flat.

Children who dress themselves usually have difficulty in holding down the legs of their flannel underwear while pulling on their stockings. Sew a narrow piece of tape on one side of the edge of the drawers' leg, slip it under the foot and tack it on to the edge of the other side. This little foot strap holds the leg down securely, and the ankle is always well covered.

Even among well-to-do families there is no excuse for the wanton extravagance of discarding lightly worn garments simply because they are out of style. Much can be done in the way of remodeling, oftentimes at very little expense, and many times with no other than a change of trimming, or using trimming where none had been used originally. Where there are younger or smaller members of the family, every garment worth making over should be studied carefully, and use made of it.

❖

CHAPPED HANDS.

The first chilly day is the day to begin to wage war against chapped hands. If you can keep your hands from becoming chapped in the transitional weather between hot and cold, you will have little difficulty with them later on, for it is in the first cold days that they are especially sensitive to cold.

Chapped hands are almost always caused by insufficient drying after washing, or perhaps the water was icy cold and very hard or used too hot. Both extremes are bad for the skin.

To preserve the hands in good condition in cool weather, they should, whenever possible, be washed in tepid water, and if this is softened by a teaspoonful of borax so much the better.

Be sure to use a soap of good quality, and when drying the hands take the precaution of rubbing each finger separately.

If the hands are rubbed over once a day with a slice of lemon and a little cold cream, or if mutton tallow is rubbed into them thoroly before going to bed at night there will be little danger of the skin becoming chapped or rough.

An excellent and delightfully fragrant cold cream for the hands, or the face either, can be made as follows: Take eight ounces of almond oil, one and one-quarter of an ounce of spermaceti, one and one-quarter of an ounce of white wax. Shred the wax and the spermaceti finely and put in a china marmalade jar. A small enamel ware saucepan will do. Stand it in another saucepan about a third full of boiling water. Keep this simmering until the ingredients are entirely melted, and then add a few drops of lavender oil and pour into small china pots. The little pots in which cheese comes are excellent for the purpose. The preparation can be used as soon as it is cool and will keep for a long time.

Another invaluable lotion for hands that are inclined to be red in winter, even tho they do not chap badly, is made of lemon juice, eau de cologne, and glycerin, equal parts of each. This can also be used for chapped hands.

❖

RECIPES.

FRICASSEED RABBIT—Cut up and disjoint the rabbit. Put in stewpan and season with cayenne pepper, salt, and chopped parsley. Pour in a pint of warm water and stew over a slow fire until quite tender, adding, when nearly done, some bits of butter rolled in flour, and before taking from the fire add a gill of rich cream with grated nutmeg in it. Stir the gravy well, being careful not to let it boil after the cream is in. This is a good old Nova Scotia recipe.

❖ ❖ ❖

STOPS TOBACCO HABIT

Elders' Sanitarium, located at 505 Main St., St. Joseph, Mo., has published a book showing the deadly effect of the tobacco habit, and how it can be stopped in three to five days.

As they are distributing this book free anyone wanting a copy should send their name and address at once.

❖ ❖ ❖

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate [illegible]. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Let Us Show You How to Get Your Next Suit FREE

Made to Your Measure

Do you want this swell suit? Want it for nothing? Without a penny's cost? $30 to $40 would not buy a better one. Simply wear it, tell your friends where you got it and

Make $10 to $15 a Day

taking their orders. It is dead easy. You never saw a nobbier suit or a more stunning pattern cut in strictly Tango style (3 months ahead of the times). Your choice of 60 patterns and a dozen styles to choose from. Drop us a postal card for heavy pattern book, inside information about styles, self measuring blanks, etc., etc. DON'T WAIT. Everything FREE.

Suit Delivered FREE

Get ahead of other fellows — Write this minute. Postal will do it.

American Woolen Mills Co.
Dept 1106 CHICAGO

Hand Tailored—Classy Linings—Millionaire Trimmings—Swell Cut—Guaranteed Fit.

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness, or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Sinking or Smothering Sensation, Difficult Breathing, Heart Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets. Not a secret medicine. It is said that one person out of every four has a weak heart. Probably three-fourths of these do not know it, and hundreds wrongfully treat themselves for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't take any chances when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach. More than 1000 endorsements furnished.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 951, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Delays are dangerous. Write at once—to-day.

Painful Swollen Veins Quickly Relieved

Mrs. R. M. Remler, of Federal, Kansas, writes an interesting account of her success in reducing a severe case of enlarged veins that should be encouraging to others similarly afflicted. She suffered with badly swollen and inflamed veins (in fact, one had broken), for more than seven years before she became acquainted with Absorbine, Jr., and used it. Absorbine, Jr., was faithfully applied for several weeks and, to quote from her letter, "The large knots in the veins left, it was all nicely healed, and has not bothered me since."

Absorbine, Jr., is an antiseptic liniment—healing, cooling, and soothing. Safe and pleasant to use.

Special Varicose Vein Circular mailed upon request. Liberal trial bottle postpaid for 10c in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.
337 Temple Street Springfield, Mass.

BIG WONDER PACKAGE

1 Great North Pole Game (size 18x11), 1 Big Roll Stage Money, 1 Game Authors (48 Cards), 1 Cribbage Board, 1 Checker Board and Men, 1 Pack Pinochle cards (48 cards), 38 other Games, 19 Lessons in Magic, 1 Set of Dominoes, 27 Autograph Verses, 12 Money Making Secrets, Wireless Telegraph Code, 25 Pictures of Pretty Girls, 2 Puzzles, 100 Conundrums, 85 definitions of Flowers. All the above for 10c. with large catalogue.

ROYAL GAME CO., Box 1 So. Norwalk, Conn

Stem Wind & Set WATCH, RING AND CHAIN GIVEN

[illegible] American Stem Wind and Set Watch, beautifully designed case, warranted timekeeper, 6 Year guarantee, Sparkling Set or Plain Ring and for selling [illegible] Aluminum Thimbles at 10c each. Paper of Gold Eye Needles Free with each Thimble. Easy to sell. Write for them. When sold return the $2 and [illegible] the watch and ring Ladies' or Gents' style Chain.

HOME SUPPLY CO., Dept. 225, Chicago, Ill.

Lungs Weak? Generous Offer To Tuberculosis Sufferers of Remarkable Home Treatment. Endorsed by noted European Physicians. Interesting FREE Booklet with convincing testimonials and our trial offer. Write.

Sanosin, Dept. 24, Unity Bldg., Chicago

FREE VIOLIN

Full size, with beautiful case and complete outfit for selling only three [illegible] other pictures or post [illegible] at 10c each. Send for first [illegible] You can't lose, as unsold goods may be returned and present [illegible] is given for goods sold

GATES MFG. CO., Dept. 491, CHICAGO

BIRTH STONE RINGS FREE

$1.00 value, solid 14K Gold Shell, guaranteed for 5 years, with stone for any month, simply to introduce our Jewelry Catalog De Luxe. Send 10c to cover cost of Advertising and mailing. Send [illegible]

Guarantee Jewelry Co., Dept. A1 Tyrone, Pa.

LADIES, $1000! I positively guarantee my great Successful "Compound." Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal affections in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail [illegible] Double Strength, $2.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today [illegible] Southington Remedy Co., 515 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.

BE A DETECTIVE

Earn from $150.00 to $300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. LUDWIG, 120 Westover Building, KANSAS CITY, MO

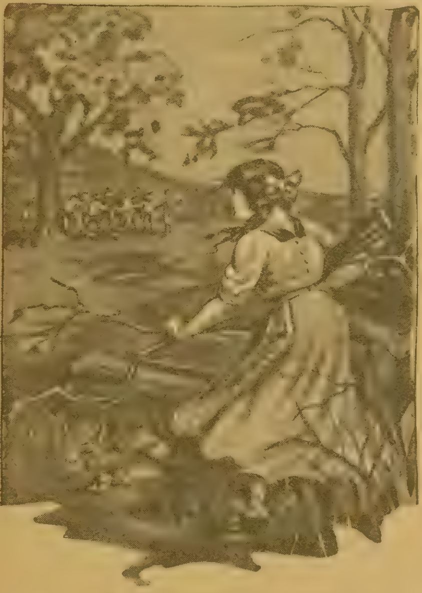
Secrets of Love Making, OR THE ART OF WOOING, WINNING AND WEDDING

[illegible] "How to Catch a [illegible]" [illegible] Etiquette [illegible] STAR BOOK CO., HURLEYVILLE, N.Y.

Ned Vinton's Quest

Or, Among the Moonshiners

By Captain Jack Judson



She saw the moonshiners grouped about a great oak.

[Copyright 1915 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 46, November 13. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication

CHAPTER VII.

HAVING left Ned Vinton in the cave, after destroying the ammuniton, we will now return to him. He was not aware of the visit of the moonshiners to the Mullins house; therefore he knew nothing of Mazella's heroism in facing Captain Jerry and his party. Nothing of this reached his ears until the following day, when the girl returned with some eatables, and then from her own lips he heard the story.

"They are going to watch all the passes tonight," she told him. "Not only for the still-hunters, but for you, Danny. Some of them will come for the ammunition which you say you have rendered useless, and if they should find you——"

"Which they will not do," put in Ned, with a smile. "Do not think that I am going to fall into their net so easily."

There was a little silence, and then the girl laid her hand on the young detective's arm.

"They call you Joe Vinton's boy," said she, with lowered voice. "Razie, the witch, declares that you did not come from the Cumberlands, but that you are here for a purpose. I'm not asking for your secrets, Danny; you may keep all you have, but remember that you have a friend in Zell Mullins."

These words of true friendship went direct to the boy's heart. He looked away to recover himself, and when he turned again to his companion there was a new light in his eyes.

"I'm not going to deceive you any longer, for you have proved a friend in need. I am not Danny Snooks, and I did not come from the Cumberlands. I am Ned Vinton——"

"Then Razie is right?" exclaimed the girl.

"Yes. I am here to find the whereabouts of the greatest rascal that ever played a double game. I have found him, as I verily believe. He is called Captain Jerry, but his real name is Jerome Torback, and he is wanted up North for a crime."

"I do not put it past him," was the reply. "I have always thought he was sailing under false colors. But, having found your man, what are you going to do?"

"I shall go to Knoxville and send a cipher dispatch to my employer in New York, the famous Sam Search."

"And they will come from the North and take him?"

"Yes."

"But that will be too risky. Every moonshiner in the mountains will defend Captain Jerry to the last drop of his blood. I hate the man, for he has insulted me more than once. If you could get him to Knoxville——"

"That seems impossible," cut in Ned.

"I'm not so sure of that. But I must go now. Remember your secret is safe with me, Danny, tho I know you have another name. It is believed that the raid on the stills will come not later than tomorrow night."

"And Captain Jerry may be killed."

"Not he!" laughed the girl. "He is not the man to get into close quarters. I know him too well. But you must not remain here, for the ammunition will attract the moonshiners, and they are liable to come for it at any time. Since you are Ned Vinton, who used to live hereabouts, you must seek another place. There is a hide-out where the creek bends lower down."

"The little round cave? I know it!" exclaimed Ned.

"Well, get there as quickly and as secretly as possible," insisted Mazella. "Of course the cave is known to every one; therefore our people will not look for you there."

Ned held out his hand and saw his friend depart. Twenty minutes later he might have been observed making his way to the place indicated.

Trailing his rifle, he pushed thru the undergrowth as noiselessly as a panther. When he came to a certain elevated point he gazed downward thru a gap in the hills, and saw the lights in the scattered cabins of the moonshiners. It was a scene he had gazed upon before, but years had flown since then, and he recognized it without difficulty. Not far from there his father had been slain by the moonshiners, and while he looked a fever of vengeance rose within him, and he reluctantly turned away.

A few yards farther on he stopped in his tracks, for his eye had caught sight of a figure which drove his blood fast thru every vein. He had come upon one of the mountain sentinels whose form was revealed against the moon which hung like a round shield in the calm heavens. The boy knew why that man was there. He was watching for the still-hunters, and with his rifle reposing in the hollow of his arm he resembled a statue in bronze.

The young detective had reason to hate the very name of moonshiner. Recollections of the past surged thru his brain like a prairie fire.

"Why not?" he said to himself.

Crouching on the ground with rifle cocked, he approached the guard. The man did not hear him. Inch by inch Ned moved on, seeing nothing but the man outlined on the silver surface of the moon.

"No," he suddenly thought. "It looks too much like murder. I cannot shoot a helpless man, tho he would string me up without a moment's notice. I just can't."

He retraced his steps, but did not remove his gaze from the spectral mountain guard. All at once he saw the man strike a match and wave it several times above his head.

"A signal," thought the boy.

Presently sounds fell upon his ears, and a moment later the lone guard was joined by three men arrayed like himself. Ned leaned forward to catch every word.

"They're coming!" he heard one of the trio say in excited tones. "The order is to meet 'em at Blackall's Ford. We're goin' to lie in wait for 'em thar, an' thar'll be a lot o' empty saddles tonight."

The words thrilled the young listener. He pressed his hand upon his heart to check its wild pulsations.

"At Blackall's Ford?" thought he. "That's a good two miles from here, and the still-hunters must be warned."

He did not tarry to see the four depart, but turned swiftly and darted off.

"Heaven get me there in time!" he muttered under his breath. "I must warn the officers, even if it costs me my life."

He had not passed the first ten years of his life without knowing the trails of the Great Smokies. He had threaded them by day and by night, now trailing the bear and now seeking out the lair of the wildcat.

MADE TO MEASURE Mill-End
Remnant PANTS $2.65
WE PAY Express or Parcel Post Charges
ALL WOOL
No extra charge for extreme [illegible] Each day we have [illegible] ALL WOOL [illegible]
Agents Wanted At Once
[illegible] goods—formerly sold to Chicago retail tailors. This practice we have now discontinued and shall make the remnants into pants to measure for our own customers and let them have the advantage of these rare bargains [illegible] All samples FREE. Write today.
PRODUCERS & CONSUMERS ALLIANCE
Dept. 18 Wholesale Tailors Chicago

YOURS FOR 3 CENTS A DAY
© 1915 S. M. S. Co.

Extra Credit
1000 Discounts—Secret Terms
Jubilee Sale on Home Things

We are having a Jubilee Sale to celebrate our 50th year in selling home things on credit. Some prices and terms we are offering now will never be offered again.

10,000 Credit Cards
We have prepared 10,000 special Credit Cards. [illegible] with our book. [illegible] anything here on credit exactly the same as [illegible] You can have things sent [illegible] You can take [illegible]
No references required. We open up the charge account without even being asked. But we [illegible] only 10,000 of these Credit Cards, so write at once.

Secret Terms
To old and new customers we offer special Jubilee terms. They are good for this sale only, so we dare not publish them. We send them with our Jubilee Book. You never saw such easy credit terms.
Then we offer 1000 special discounts, which mean actual gifts.
Our Jubilee Book brings you all these things. It also pictures 5152 home things. It is a costly book and the edition is limited. Be sure to get it. Write a postal for it now.

Jubilee Book
Special Limited Edition
Furniture — Silverware Clocks
Carpets Rugs — Chinaware Lamps
Draperies Linens — Sewing Machines
Curtains Bedding — Kitchen Cabinets
Oilcloths, etc. — Carpenters' Tools
Baby Cabs — Cameras—Pictures
COSTS US $1—FREE TO YOU
Ask also for our Style Book picturing 1000 fall styles for Women
Spiegel, May, Stern Co.
1410 W. 35th Street, Chicago
(915)

INITIAL Dinner Set 31 PIECES FREE
With a few hours easy work [illegible] White Cloverine Salve at 25c a box, giving an Art Picture FREE [illegible] instruments, [illegible]
WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. [illegible] TYRONE, PA

RULE By Your Speech
[illegible] public meetings—right in your own home.
15 Minutes a Day
That's all the time you need to devote to our new scientific course of instruction. No tiresome exercises. Just 15 minutes a day in your own home.
Write Today [illegible] special offer [illegible]
Public Speaking Dept. American Correspondence School of Law, 5018 Manhattan Bldg. Chicago

Phonograph FREE
We give this Talking Machine and Record for selling only 25 packages of Post Cards at 10 cents per package. This instrument will play any [illegible]
VICTOR or COLUMBIA
or other make flat disc record. Order Post [illegible]
WE TRUST YOU [illegible]
HERMAN & CO., [illegible] CHICAGO

FREE 20-YEAR ELGIN WATCH
Genuine Gold Filled Elgin Watch—7 jewels—fully guaranteed [illegible]
BATES MFG. CO., Dept. 291, CHICAGO

52 XMAS POST CARDS Seals, Stickers, Stamps FREE
[illegible] postpaid [illegible] month trial subscription to our big monthly magazine
Household Magazine, Dept. X1, Topeka, Kansas

Greenbacks $1510 in Stage MONEY For 10c
A bunch of our Stage Greenbacks (not counterfeits) will make your friends stare. $1570 for 10c or $4710 for 25c. Hyde Co., 3346 Lowe Av Chicago

WE PAY $30 WEEKLY PROFITS. Men with rigs wanted to introduce our stock, poultry remedies. Steady job. Lang Co., P.O. Box 369, Philada., Pa

On, on he went, now and then leaving the narrow foothpath to find another which would take him by a shorter route to Blackall's Ford. Seven years of city life had not impaired his sprinting qualities. He roused the nightbirds from their nests, as he bounded on, and more than once he caught sight of flaming eyes in the forest.

Snake Creek was a meandering stream, wider at some places than at others, and at some points it was quite deep. But Ned knew every rod of it. Only once or twice he halted for breath. He was racing against time. If the moonshiners caught the still-hunters at the ford, Heaven help them!

Suddenly Ned paused as if a bomb had fallen sputtering at his feet. He was covered by a rifle, and behind it he saw the giant in rough homespun.

"Halt!"

The command was needless, for Ned had already halted. His rifle, which he was raising, dropped to his side, and he stared at the one who confronted him, unable to frame a word.

It was a moment of life and death, and the boy felt it in every nerve. The man seemed to be alone, or at least the youth could not make out any companions.

"Throw down that gun!" was the next command, and Ned sullenly complied.

"Now come on."

Biting his lip till it bled, the young detective moved forward. The man seemed to increase in stature as he advanced.

"You're a pretty chicken," grated the guard, looking into Ned's face with the orbs of a mountain fiend. "By Jove! you're the Mullins boy!"

Ned did not reply.

"Stand where you ar' till I call up the boys," said the moonshiner, at the same time putting two fingers to his lips and giving a whistle.

Not ten feet distant lay the waters of Snake Creek in the moonlight. Ned knew that the water was over his head, for he had proved it before.

An answering signal came from the wood, and then Ned heard the tramping of feet. The guard had partially lowered his weapon.

A wild thought shot thru the boy's brain. For him to think was to act, and the next second he had bounded away, and the moonlit water had taken him into its embrace.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE young detective had no sooner disappeared beneath the surface than half a dozen moonshiners reached the spot.

"Wait till he bobs up," said one, who had cocked his rifle. "He can't play fish very long."

But Ned, with the wild instincts of the boy born among the mountains, had swum towards the very shore which he had left, and pulled himself up among a network of roots. Lying there, breathing hard after his exertions, he heard the voices not far off, and smiled to himself.

"He's done for," remarked one, at last. "The young spy has finished himself off without any trouble to us."

"And we can now wait for the still-hunters."

For Ned to hear these words was to act. He managed to creep thru the tangle of vines, and at last to emerge some distance below the watchers.

"Now for Uncle Sam's men!" he ejaculated, taking new breath. "I will show those rascals that Ned Vinton is quite a long way from being dead."

He swam the creek like one accustomed all his life to the art and presently took his bearings. He did not know by what trail the hunters of stills were coming, but after some mental calculation he decided to take a certain one.

Everywhere in the locality the moonshiners had gathered for the fray. To ambush the still-hunters was the design of the mountain lawbreakers, and since Razie Poor had informed her friends that the marshals would cross at Blackall's Ford, they had prepared to meet them there.

Already the fires of the stills had been extinguished, but guards had been stationed at each one, and the coming battle was expected to be a test of strength between the lawless and the law.

Ned hastened down the trail with every sense alert and eager to encounter the night riders. Suddenly he put his ear to the ground and listened. He caught the tread of horses, and, rising, drew behind an oak and waited.

Entirely unarmed, he was incapable of putting up a defense should he fall into the hands of his enemies, but this did not deter him.

The sounds became more and more pronounced. All at once he saw figures against the sky, and then he became doubly anxious. The Government men were in sight. As the leader came abreast of his tree, he sprang out, and one word caused the whole company to draw rein.

The boy did not quail when he found himself covered by twenty repeating rifles, which were at once lowered at command of the foremost man.

"Who are you?" was the harsh demand.

"Never mind just now," was Ned's response. "There is danger ahead. The moonshiners are guarding Blackall's Ford and——"

"Pish!" suddenly interrupted one of the men. "Blackall's is safe."

The voice sounded familiar. Ned whirled upon the speaker, and one look sent a thrill thru every nerve. He could not be mistaken in the face before him. Tho he had seen it but once, it had never passed from his memory, for it was the face of the man whom he had encountered on the car in New York. From the moment of the unexpected meeting he had wondered what had become of him, and least of all things did he expect to see him again in the Tennessee mountains.

"It is true," cried Ned, once more addressing the captain of the troop "They are waiting for you at Blackall's Ford. There may be two hundred there by this time."

"It is incredible," replied the stranger. "The 'moonies' are oblivious of our nearness, and the boy may be a decoy."

This accusation roused every drop of blood in Ned's frame.

"A decoy, am I?" he exclaimed. "Ask that man who he is," and his finger covered the person of whom he spoke. "I have met him before. I don't know his name, and I don't care to."

"Doubtless you are wrong, boy," replied the captain. "This is Colonel McClellan of Nashville. He is in the employ of the Government, and, since he is familiar with this region, he is our guide."

Ned with swelling heart turned away.

"Then take his advice, not mine," he said over his shoulder. "I have told the truth, but ask Colonel McClellan if he did not go thru my grip not many days ago," and with this parting shot he disappeared.

Ere he had gone far he came to a sudden halt and looked back. He was confident within himself that "Colonel McClellan" was a decoy, that he was leading the still-hunters into a deadly trap, and the more the thought obsessed him the stronger became his resolve to frustrate the diabolical design. He turned and started back thru the timber.

He had gone but a little distance when he stopped and considered his unarmed condition. He could go back to the round bend cavern and wait for Mazella to re-arm him, but that would be wasting time, so he kept on, resolved to make one more trial to warn the still-hunters. But for the so-called McClellan the captain of the troop would have listened to him, and now perhaps, it was too late.

All at once there came to his ears the sharp crack of rifles; it told all too plainly to Ned that the battle was

The Burlington SMASHES ALL WATCH PRICES

Look!

- 19 Ruby and Sapphire Jewels—
- Adjusted to the second—
- Adjusted to temperature—
- Adjusted to isochronism—
- 25-year gold strata case—
- Genuine Montgomery Railroad Dial—
- New Ideas in Thin Cases.

Only $2.50 a Month

And all of this for $2.50—only $2.50 per month—a great reduction in watch prices —direct to you—positively the exact prices the wholesale dealer would have to pay. We do not care to quote these prices here, but write—write before you buy. Think of the high grade, guaranteed watch we offer here at such a remarkable price. Indeed, the days of exhorbitant watch prices have passed. Write now.

See It First You don't pay a cent to anybody until you see the watch. We don't let you buy a Burlington Watch without seeing it. Look at the splendid beauty of the watch itself. Thin model, handsomely shaped — aristocratic in every line. Then look at the works. There you see the pinnacle of watch making. You understand how this wonder timepiece is adjusted to the very second.

Every fighting vessel in the U. S. Navy has the Burlington Watch aboard. This includes every torpedo boat — every submarine as well as the big Dreadnaughts.

Burlington Watch Co.
19th Street and Marshall Blvd.
Dept. 5018 Chicago, Ill.

Please send me (without obligations and prepaid) your free book on watches with full explanation of your cash or $2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

Name ....

Address ....

Send Your Name on This Free Coupon Get the Burlington Watch Book by sending this coupon now. You will know a lot more about watch buying when you read it. You will be able to "steer clear" of the double-priced watches which are no better. Send the coupon today for the watch book and our offer.

Burlington Watch Company
19th St. and Marshall Blvd. Dept. 5018 Chicago, Ill.

on. The noises only increased his pace. He dashed thru the wood like one mad. Leaping over logs which his keen eyes discerned, he made good progress until a fleeing and riderless horse pulled up short at sight of him.

At first the boy saw only the snorting animal, but in another moment he caught sight of a man who had been dragged to the spot with his body dangling from the stirrup. The full moon clearly showed him the startling scene, and brought the horrified face of the man into full view.

"Colonel McClellan?" said Ned releasing the rider. "So you succeeded?"

The answer was an oath.

"It was a dastardly trick," the boy continued, picking up McClellan's carbine. "I ought to finish you with your own weapon."

By this time the man was on his feet, and the next instant he was in the saddle. A stroke of the spur, and the horse was off like the wind.

"If you escape me it will be because I can't shoot a carbine," thought Ned, throwing the weapon to his shoulder. "You ought to die a thousand deaths, villain!" and a shot rang out after the vanishing man.

There came back to Ned a faint cry, and then he continued his run thru the timber. The sounds now told him that the battle was over. Now and then a rifle spoke out, and that was all. At last Ned came to a standstill. The forest had grown strangely silent. No doubt the moonshiners, rejoicing, had gone back to their cabins, but where was he to go? The round cave was all that offered security, and he reluctantly turned in that direction.

He crawled into the darkness of the cave, and, tired out, fell upon a bed of leaves. When he awoke daylight was outside, revealing the heart of the hills. Ned deemed it safe to venture out.

He still had the carbine, and as it was yet loaded, he clung firmly to it.

"Mazella may come soon," he said to himself. "Then I will learn the result of the night battle."

He had scarcely put this thought into words when a stern command shook every fiber of his frame.

"Come forward!" the ringing voice said. "Lift the gun, young one, an' you'll be as dead as a herring."

The blazing eyes behind the rifle accentuated these words, and Ned went forward.

"Walk ahead o' the horse," continued his captor. "You're the Mullins boy, an' we'll make short work of ye."

The sentences were knells of doom to the young detective. He sullenly obeyed the command, and soon he was tramping toward the moonshiner's country with a cocked rifle almost touching his head.

Captured! The thought sank like lead into the boy's soul. He didn't look back, but went on and on, till, thru a gap in the hills, he caught sight of his late abode, the Mullins home. His captor had not spoken again.

What would Mazella say? And what would his reception be at the house of his former friends?

The soft light of the new day lay everywhere now. It revealed the forest in all its beauty, and to Ned, on the brink of doom, the scene had never looked so beautiful.

His face went pale when he saw a group of mounted moonshiners in front of the house. The circle of his life was narrowing, but resolutely holding his head erect, he marched on till he was spied by his enemies. A lusty shout went up that made the welkin ring.

Ned's gaze roved thru the group. He was searching for a face, but he saw it not. Mazella was out of sight.

CHAPTER IX.

OUR young detective had reached the greatest crisis of his life. It began to look to him that his man-hunt was about to end, for the visages of the silent moonshiners told him that mercy was not one of their attributes. He had been recognized by Razie Poor, the mountain witch, and no doubt Colonel McClellan had also informed the mountain outlaws of his departure from New York. But he could not bring himself to believe that McClellan had guessed his mission, for there was nothing in the plundered grip calculated to give him away.

His gaze roved in every direction in hopes of seeing Mazella, but if the girl had seen him in the enemy's hands, she was keeping out of sight.

"Here's your youngster from the Cumberlands," said Captain Rell to Mullins, in sarcastic tones, and Mullins transferred a look of vengeance to the boy.

Ned was anxious to hear the result of the fight at the ford, but he dared not ask.

"Is it true, Danny?" suddenly asked Mullins, stepping forward. "Are you really the person Razie says you are?"

The hour had struck. Ned's answered boldly.

"I am Ned Vinton," said he, looking his employer in the eye. "I am not from the Cumberlands."

"Then you came to the Great Smokies for a purpose?"

"I did."

"Tell us why you came?"

Ned saw a little start by Jerome Torback, and turned his face from the great absconder.

"I will not tell you why I came here." His voice was clear and firm. Torback should not know the truth.

"String him up and make him tell!" cried several moonshiners as one man. "A rope will snatch the truth from him. When he feels it draw, he won't hold back any longer."

Captain Rell hesitated.

"We won't find a better time or place," said one. "We kin take him back to the woods yonder and finish the job."

"Take me back," Ned responded. "I will not tell you."

In less than a minute he was seized by strong hands and hurried away. Mullins looked at his wife.

"It's too bad," said the woman. "I was gettin' to like Danny and——"

"His silence is guilt," said her husband. "The boy is a spy for the still-hunters."

As Mrs. Mullins turned back into the house she came face to face with Mazella.

"Why did Danny do it?" she asked. "I like him even if he is Joe Vinton's boy."

"But they must not hang him," and there was flash in the girl's eyes. "They've had enough blood for one time, for they repulsed the still-hunters."

"Mebbe they'll not hang him. They may shoot him instead."

"They shall do neither, mother."

"So you've got to likin' the boy?"

"He's been a friend to me ever since he came among us. Hasn't Captain Rell had enough revenge for one night?"

"He never knows when to stop," and with this the moonshiner's wife went into another room.

Mazella sprang to window and looked out. The moonshiners were disappearing over a little knoll, and in the middle of the band she caught a glimpse of Ned.

"It shan't be!" came in a cry from her soul. "Those men shall not put Danny out of the world. He's better than the whole lot, and——"

She paused suddenly and her eye fell upon a rifle which stood in one corner of the room. It was a repeater which had been captured from the revenue officers, and in a second she had it in her hands.

"It's loaded to the full!" she exclaimed, after a brief inspection.

There was a hurried glance at the door which her mother had just closed, and in a second she was outside the house with the rifle in her hands. Darting to the right so as to flank the moonshiners, the mountain lass sprang away on her mission, every drop of blood coursing lava-like thru her veins, and her face flushed to the temples.

When she reached the wood her discerning eye took in everything, and she saw the moonshiners grouped about a great oak. Ned stood a waiting victim in their midst. The sight paled Mazella's face.

Darting from tree to tree, she soon came within hearing distance, when she halted and looked upon the scene with all eyes. To her horror she saw a noose slipped over the boy's head, and noticed that his hands had been bound behind his back.

"Now tell the truth," demanded Captain Rell Colvert, his voice ringing out in stentorian tones. "It's the last chance, boy."

The girl saw the doomed youth's face grow hard.

"You're Joe Vinton's boy?"

"He was my father, and you rascals shot him in the back," was the retort.

"An' you came back here for vengeance?"

"I did not."

"For what then did you come?"

Ned's lips came together, but not a word parted them.

"You were goin' to warn the revenues?"

"I was."

"You told them that we were lyin' at Blackall's Ford?"

"I did."

"But you would have us believe that you came here really for another purpose?

"You may think so if you wish."

The moonshiners looked at one another. There was hatred in every eye.

"When the rope begins to choke, he'll let the cat out of the bag," said one of the band. "Pull him up and you'll see."

The watching girl saw several men seize the rope which dangled over the stout limb. Their bronzed hands clutched it gleefully. The moonshiners looked at Captain Rell.

"One moment," said that individual. "We'll give him one more chance," and he turned to the calm-faced boy. "It is for the last time I speak. Why did you come to the Great Smokies?"

"You have my answer, which was silence," answered Ned without a quaver.

"You won't tell?"

"I will not."

Captain Rell's teeth were hard set, and any mercy he had had flew into the unknown. He stepped back a pace and lifted his hand.

There was a little cry from Mazella's lips as Ned was jerked from the ground. At the same instant there was the click of a rifle lock, and the gun landed against her shoulder. Her black eye dropped instantly to the stock. Quicker than the most active mind can think, a sharp and clear report broke the stillness of the scene. The rope was severed by the ball as cleanly as tho a razor had done the work, and the body of the boy detective dropped to the ground.

Instantly every moonshiner turned in the direction of the shot. Every eye fell upon the slender figure beside the tree, and all saw that the weapon was again at her shoulder.

"Take off the noose!" cried Mazella. "If Danny is strung up again Captain Rell is a dead man."

Captain Rell himself had not a vestige of color on his hardened face.

"Take off the noose, I say," said the girl, in the same determined tones. "The life of your leader hangs on a single second."

A giant stooped with a knife in his hands, for he had received a command from his captain's eyes. The next moment Ned was jerked upon his feet and the noose lay on the ground.

"Come here, Danny," cried Mazella. "There'll be a dead man in the band if they touch you again."

Wondering at the coolness of his deliverer, Ned bounded toward her, and saw her lower the rifle.

"You must go now," said she, before he could speak. "There is certain death here if you remain."

Ned laid his hand gently on the girl's arm.

"Not until I have finished my mission!" he answered, in thrilling tones. "I came to the Smokies for a purpose, and it has not been accomplished. Listen to my secret, Zell. I came down here for the man known as Captain Jerry, who is really Jerome Torback, and I will not turn my face northward till I have him in my power."

"I like that!" cried the girl, smiling. "From this hour I am with you, and we'll get the man you want if we have to defy all the moonshiners in Tennessee."

(Concluded next week.)

$10,000,000 A Year Wasted On Trusses

Wrong to Buy Anything For Rupture Without Getting Sixty Days' Trial

A conservative estimate shows that nearly ten million dollars a year—in this country alone—is practically wasted on worthless rupture appliances—all because people trust to a mere try-on instead of making a thorough test.

Away With Leg-Strap and Spring Trusses

So far as we know, our guaranteed rupture holder is the only thing of any kind for rupture that you can get on 60 days trial—the only thing we know of good enough to stand such a long and thorough test. It's the famous Cluthe—made on an absolutely new principle—has 18 patented features. Self-adjusting. Does away with the misery of wearing belts, leg-straps and springs. Guaranteed to hold at all times—including when you are working, taking a bath, etc. Has cured in case after case that seemed hopeless.

Write for Free Book of Advice—Cloth-bound, 104 pages. Explains the dangers of operation. Shows just what's wrong with elastic and spring trusses, and why drugstores should no more be allowed to fit trusses than to perform operations. Exposes the humbugs—shows how old-fashioned worthless trusses are sold under false and misleading names. Tells all about the care and attention we give you. Endorsements from over 5000 people, including physicians. Write to-day—find out how you can prove every word we say by making a 60 day test without risking a penny.

Box 25—Cluthe Co., 125 E. 23rd St., New York City

FURS TRAPPERS FURS

We can put many dollars in your pocket this season. Ship your furs direct to us and save commission and other charges. We have $1,000,000 to pay out in cash for furs. We are the largest direct buyers of furs in the world and will pay you the most money at all times. Drop us a postal today and we will show you how and why we can make you more money. Most up-to-date Trapper's Guide FREE. Traps at factory prices baits and other supplies. Write us today.

I. ABRAHAM
254 N. Main St., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

TRAPPERS!
Get More Money For Your Furs

Don't ship anyone furs till you get Our Free Bulletin quoting cash prices we actually pay for Coon, Mink, Skunk, Oppossum and other furs. We charge no commissions. Write today for Free Bulletin, it will pay you big.

NATIONAL FUR AND WOOL CO.,
Dept. 361 St. Louis, Mo.

TRAPPERS

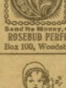
We want your furs—we pay highest prices—WE CHARGE NO COMMISSION. Send today for FREE price list and particulars of our FREE GIFT to trappers.

HILL BROS. FUR CO. 360 N. MAIN ST. ST. LOUIS, MO.

Locket, Chain & Bracelet GIVEN

Sell 6 boxes of Rosebud Salve at 25c each, great remedy for burns, sores, eczema, piles, catarrh, corns, bunions, etc., return the $1.50 and we will forward these 3 handsome gold laid premiums or choice from our catalog.

Send No Money, we trust you.
ROSEBUD PERFUME CO.
Box 100, Woodsboro, Md



MA MA DOLL FREE

This Doll will amuse the children, they are noisy babies, can hear them cry all over the house sounds just like a real baby. Has long white dress trimmed with ribbon and lace and wears a baby bonnet, sent free by mail for selling only 6 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25c each and return us $1.50. Send your name and address WE TRUST YOU with salve

Rosebud Perfume Co., Box 403 Woodsboro, Md.

1916 MODEL 20 Year Guarantee $25 Gold Watch $2.95

Send no money. Here's the watch you always wanted, sent you at our risk. To advertise and introduce our wonderful bargains in Genuine 21 Ruby Jewel watches. Write if you prefer Lady's or Gent's size, plain polished or beautifully engraved, Open face or Hunting case, and we will send this elegant 20 year guaranteed 1916 this model watch, C. O. D. to your P. O., or for Free Examination and test at your Express Office. If pleased with it and sure it equals a $25 Gold Watch, pay our Special Sale Price, only $2.95, and watch is yours. Write NOW. MUTUAL SALES CO., 300 W. Madison Street, Dept. P10, CHICAGO, ILL.

Where There's a Will There's a Way
You Have the Will, We Have the Way
LET'S GET TOGETHER

A Post Card will bring you full information how to establish yourself in a profitable business, that will bring you

A Permanent Income

Whole or part time. Man or woman. No capital required—we furnish everything.

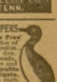
J. T. BROOKS, Agent, 2058 Jenkins Arcade, Pittsburgh, Pa.

RINGS-WATCHES RIFLES-BASEBALL OUTFITS FREE

WE TRUST YOU

SELL 20 PIECES HIGH GRADE JEWELRY AT TEN CENTS RETURN $2.00 AND SELECT YOUR PREMIUM WRITE TO-DAY

U. TREK JEWELRY Co.
MEMPHIS, TENN.



FREE TO HUNTERS AND TRAPPERS

Fine Taxidermy Book Now Free 32 p. with hundreds of photos of mounted birds and animals. Learn this profession. Save your trophies. Decorate your home and den. LEARN TO STUFF BIRDS animals, game heads, tan furs, make rugs and robes. Quickly learned by men and boys. Big profits from spare time. Intensely interesting. Investigate. Write today for free book. Only a few free—so rush.

NORTHWESTERN SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY
5018 Elwood Building Omaha, Nebraska

20-Shot Pistol FREE

Shoots B. B. shot 20 times without reloading. Looks like a regular automatic. Loads of fun for the boys. Perfectly harmless. Send name and we will send you 4 sets of pictures to dispose of at 25 cents a set. Send us the $1 you collect and pistol is yours as free reward. M. O. SEITZ, 11751 Chicago

Buy Your COFFEE WHOLESALE IN 10-LB LOTS
Get the BEST and SAVE 10 cts per pound.
WE PAY POST, EXPRESS or FREIGHT
IF YOU LOVE GOOD COFFEE SEND FOR PRICE LIST
JEVNE COFFEE CO. (Est. 1881) Coffee Specialists
Dept. 5, 2855-57 W. Madison St., CHICAGO.

SONG POEMS WANTED

Send us your verses or melodies today. Acceptance guaranteed if available. Write for valuable booklet — IT'S FREE
MARKS-GOLDSMITH CO., Dept. 65, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ATTENTION DEMOCRATS We want a Democrat, man or woman in every community to take subscriptions for National Monthly, country's only Democratic magazine. Will pay straight salary of $12.50 per week and bonus. Every Democrat wants this great magazine. Write quick to J. W. Reilly, National Monthly, Buffalo, N. Y.

SKUNK We pay top prices for Skunk, Mink, Muskrat, and all raw Furs. Price list free. M. J. JEWETT & SONS, REDWOOD, N. Y. - DEPT. 21

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents, three packages, 25 cents. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., Parassus, Pa.

THE FAIRY CORNER

LONESOME CHILD.

I have some litle play-tend friends
Who visit me each day.
They always come when I'm alone
And stay with me and play.

Sometimes they bring their play-tend dog.
Sometimes they come alone.
And play with little play-tend toys.
While I play with my own.

They tell me many wondrous tales
Of what they do and see—
We tell each other everything—
My play-tend friends and me.

They dig with me out in the sand
And help me hunt for flowers.
And when I ride my wosulpede
We each take turns for hours!

They sit with me beside the lake
And help me sail my boat,
And tell me of the many ships
That they have set afloat.

They eat with me at dinner time
And sleep with me at night,
And wake me in the morning, with
The coming of the light.

I'd like to have you meet my friends,
But that can never be.
They always run away and hide
From every one but me.

Besides, you know, they're just play-tend
And can't be seen at all.
And only play with boys and girls
When they are very small.
—Martha C. Sherman.

◆

FLUFF.

Fluff was about as good and as bad as the ordinary kitten, and she never tired of playing with her little mistress. When Marjorie was tired out, Fluff was contented to snuggle down in her lap and purr herself to sleep. Some one had presented Marjorie with some knitting needles and bright-colored worsteds, and the little girl was struggling to knit what her grandmother called a "comforter" for papa to wrap about his neck during the long drive to the station each morning, for Marjorie lived in the country and her father had to come to the city to business every day. Fluff found that knitting was very attractive work, for she could be half asleep and watch the needles moving to and fro; and when the balls of worsted rolled to the floor she could jump down after them. If Marjorie didn't discover her loss Fluff would have quite a game all by herself unwinding and snarling the worsted to her heart's content. If Marjorie discovered this, Fluff was sure to be scolded, and then severely kissed for misbehavior.

On this particular afternoon Fluff had been put up on Marjorie's shoulder to go to sleep and the needles were clicking busily.

"Kitty, dear," Marjorie was saying, "I almost wish I had made this some other color—I'm getting tired of red and gray, aren't you?"

"Pwrpwrpwrpwr," answered Fluff in her ear.

"Clickety-click," went the needles, and Fluff's blinking eyes closed and her purring grew softer and softer.

Suddenly she was sure she saw both balls of worsted roll to the floor, and in a flash down she scrambled after them. Down, down, down; the floor had surely never been so far away before. And, to Fluff's amazement, as she came nearer the balls she discovered they were actually running, for in some strange way they found feet.

"Hurry! Hurry!" she heard the Red Yarn say to the Gray. "If you don't run faster we shall be caught and knitted into a 'comforter'—I heard her tell the cat so."

"I'm coming as fast as I can," panted the Gray Yarn. "You know, I have a Quaker foot, which isn't as fast as your feet. I have a twist in my side, too—I wasn't wound up right. I'm all tangled inside, too. I almost wish that dreadful kitten would come and shove me along."

"With pleasure," answered Fluff, gently patting the Gray Ball.

"Ow!" shrieked the Gray Yarn, "how you frightened me. Will you help us to escape, good Mistress Pussy?"

"Marjorie is a dear little girl," answered Fluff. "She really loves me, tho she does sometimes squeeze too hard, and I couldn't——"

"Oh, we don't mind being squeezed," sighed the Red Yarn confidentially. "It's the knitting we don't like. How would you like to be knitted, pray?"

Fluff didn't exactly know; she certainly shouldn't care to try it.

"It's this way," explained the Red Yarn. "Graysie and I promised each other long ago, when I fell in love with her as she lay on the store shelf, that we would never part, but that we would be crocheted into a beautiful pair of slippers. The crochet needle doesn't hurt as much as the short pointed knitting needles, you know, and rather than be knitted—and into a comforter, too—we have resolved to run away. Will you help us, Mistress Pussy?"

"Yes," answered Fluff slowly. "If I help you off I suppose Marjorie will have more time to play with me and you will be happier too. I'll tell you what we'll do. I will run back and get the needles and the part of the comforter already made and we will hide them."

So Fluff jumped gently back to Marjorie's lap, caught the inch or two of comforter in her teeth and sprang down.

In some way the worsted was tangled about her feet and her head and she couldn't make much progress. Giving each ball a friendly push with her right paw, Fluff struggled and rolled along toward the door, the knitting needles begging for mercy and clickety-clacking at every step, and sometimes poking Fluff sharply in the ribs.

The door was almost reached and Fluff was so tangled up she could scarcely move when Marjorie opened her eyes and yawned.

"Oh-oh-oh! you naughty kitten! What have you done?" and in a minute Fluff was caught.

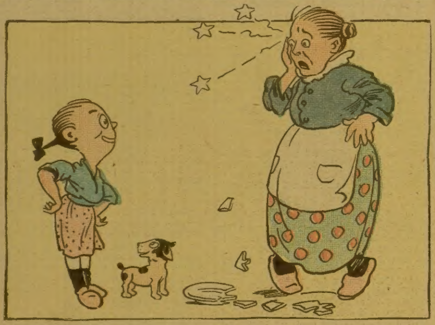
It took some time to get unwound and Fluff bore it very patiently.

"Now," said Marjorie, when the kitten was free, "I must discipline you a little so you will remember not to be naughty next time."

Then Fluff's ears were gently boxed, but she was kissed and forgiven soon after.

It took Marjorie just one hour to disentangle the worsteds. Fluff sat patiently on her shoulder all the time and purred the pitiful story of the Red and Gray Yarn and the knitting needles into Marjorie's ears. Whether or not Marjorie understood is a question I cannot decide. But I know that when her mother came in later she found two nicely wound balls of yarn, one red and one gray, close together in the green plush easy chair, while the knitting needles were on the mantelpiece.

"I think that papa would rather have bedroom slippers for his birthday than a comforter," Marjorie explained later, 'and I'm going to crochet them because it's so much easier and quicker work."



Jane threw a plate at dear mamma. When asked, "Why such a thing?" She simply laughed and made reply, "A girl must have her fling!"

◆

PANAMA OPERATED.

Who lets the ships thru the Panama Canal? A man who stands before a control board on which everything connected with the passage of the ship is reproduced. The locks at Gatun extend for a distance of 6,200 feet and the machinery to operate them is scattered over 4,000 feet, but it is all controlled from an operating board sixty-four feet long, which is a miniature of the locks and the machinery. The operator opens and closes gates, fills and empties the lock chambers and attends to every operation necessary to bring the ship on its way, by throwing a succession of switches from the operating board. He can see, too, just what is going on without even looking outdoors. His responsibility is limited, however, for the mechanical work is so interlocked that a mistake really will not work. That is, the operator cannot set the machine in motion excepting in the proper order and at the proper time. In describing the operation of the electrical machinery Popular Mechanics says:

"When a ship from the Atlantic enters the forebay at the lower end its way will be barred by a chain designed to protect the lower gates from damage. This chain cannot be lowered until the gates are opened and after the ship has passed into the lock chamber the gates cannot be closed until the chain has been raised into position again. As the ship passes on the upper levels, numerous machines and valves will be brought into action, but no movement can take place in any of these except in the proper order. These movements all show on the control board. As a guard chain drops to the bottom of the canal a miniature guard chain stretched across the control board will drop out of sight into a slot, while miniature lock gates swinging across the blue marble panels that represent the canal on the board will duplicate every movement of the 700-ton steel gates as they swing back to let a ship pass."

◆

BEAR KILLER.

Near Johnson City, Tenn., there is a tree with this inscription:

D. Boon
CILLED A Bar
In The
Year 1760.

"As Daniel Boone was 86 years old when he died," says Boys' Life, "he must have been about 26 when he carved this information on the tree. He was fond of making this sort of record, and in 1890 another Daniel Boone tree was found at Sailorsville, Ky. The latter tree bore the inscription, 'D. Boone, 1776.' When the land on which the tree stood was cleared in 1894 the piece of wood carrying the inscription was preserved in the public library of Lexington, Ky."

WHAT IS URIC ACID?

THE CAUSE OF BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL AND SUDDEN DEATH.

Ever since the discovery of uric acid in the blood by Scheele, in 1775, and the bad effect it had upon the body, scientists and physicians have striven to rid the tissues and the blood of this poison. Because of its over-abundance in the system it causes backache, pains here and there, rheumatism, gout, gravel, neuralgia and sciatica. It was Dr. Pierce who discovered a new agent, called "Anuric," which will throw out and completely eradicate this uric acid from the system. "Anuric" is 37 times more potent than **lithia,** and consequently you need no longer fear muscular or articular rheumatism or gout, or many other diseases which are dependent on an accumulation of uric acid within the body. Send to Dr. Pierce of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., for a pamphlet on "Anuric," and send 10 cents for a trial package of "Anuric" Tablets.

If you feel that tired, worn-out feeling, backache, neuralgia, or if your sleep is disturbed by too frequent urination, go to your best drug store and ask for Doctor Pierce's Anuric Tablets.

Doctor Pierce's reputation is back of this medicine and you know that his "Pleasant Pellets" for the liver and his "Favorite Prescription" for the ills of women have had a splendid reputation for the past fifty years.—Adv.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS! A NEW ONE

BURNS 2% FUEL

BURNS 98% AIR

The Liberty Safety Air-Burning Lamp. A new wonderful lamp. 300 Candle Power. Different from others. Burns Air. Most economical. Quickest seller. Uses common coal oil, (kerosene). No smoke, no odor. Simple, easily cleaned. Guaranteed Five Years. Absolutely safe. Beautifully finished. Nothing like it. Price low. Make Big Money—100% profit. Brewer made $42 first week. Master sells five a day. Write Quick. Men and women. Experience unnecessary. Save your territory. Year round sales plans. Sample FREE to workers. Send name and address only. Particulars and plans FREE. The Liberty Lamp Co. Box 120% Dayton, O.

Agents $60 a Week

We want Special Agents to travel by automobile selling our

300 Candle Power Outdoor Lamp and Safety Lantern

Burns Kerosene. Can't explode. Can't set fire to anything. Burns in all kinds of weather. Rain proof, wind proof, bug proof. For farmers, teamsters, hucksters, plumbers, dairymen, campers—everybody needs it.

This Auto FREE

We furnish each representative with an automobile ABSOLUTELY FREE. This is no selling contest where only one person wins. Anybody can get this free auto. Write for particulars.
THOMAS MFG. CO., 917 East St., DAYTON, OHIO

THE "BEST" LIGHT

makes and burns its own gas. Costs 2c. a week to operate. No dirt, grease nor odor. A pure white light, more brilliant than electricity or acetylene. None other so cheap or effective. Agents wanted. Write for catalogue and prices.
BEST BY TEST
THE BEST LIGHT CO.
428 E. 5th Street, Canton, O.

AGENTS If you make less than $1200 a year, you should get in touch with us, the largest manufacturers of transparent handled Knives and Razors in U.S. and we will show you how to make more. Special outfit offer. $100 a Month Sure
NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 23 Bar St., CANTON, OHIO

GOLD shell Spectacles $1 a Pair Send for catalog. Agents wanted
Coulter Optical Co., Dept. A, Chicago, Ill.

BIG MAIL FREE!

POST OFFICE

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address
Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

Ledger's Embroidery Corner

We call the attention of every woman to the beauty of the patterns displayed from week to week, and wish to impress upon each one the splendid quality of material that makes our offer a great bargain in every case. Every offer is complete. You can finish it up without buying anything extra.

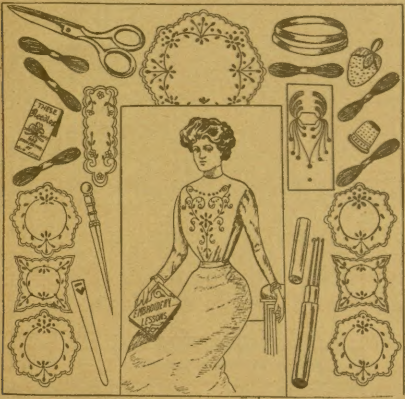
These designs are already stamped on the best quality cloth, and every set comes to you complete, exactly as described.

You are sure to find many articles that you want if you watch the Ledger each week, and it is so easy to get them. Any person can earn one or all of the designs shown by sending us the amount of subscriptions to either the Chicago Ledger or Saturday Blade, required in the description under each article.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Either the Chicago Ledger or Saturday Blade $1.00 a year each; 6 months for 50 cents.

The Blade and Ledger together $1.50 a year (52 issues); 6 months for 75 cents; 4 months 50 cents.



No. 137, Embroidery Outfit.

NO. 137, EMBROIDERY OUTFIT—Contains all of the following highgrade articles: 1 pair of embroidery scissors; 3 steel crochet hooks; 1 fine hoop; 1 tape needle; 1 bone stiletto; 1 strawberry emery; 1 high-grade thimble; 1 package of 10 assorted embroidery needles; 6 large skeins of embroidery floss (assorted colors); 1 calendar stamped on ecru linen; 1 bookmark stamped on ecru linen; 1 centerpiece stamped on white art cloth; 4 large dollies stamped on white art cloth; 2 small dollies stamped on white art cloth; 1 large sheet of transfer patterns containing shirtwaist front, collar and cuffs; 2 jabots; 1 turnover collar and 2 cuffs to match. Given with a $2.00 subscription to the Blade and the Ledger for one year.

Makes Stubborn Coughs Vanish in a Hurry

Surprisingly Good Cough Syrup Easily and Cheaply Made at Home.

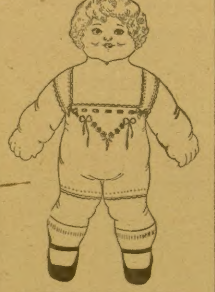
If some one in your family has an obstinate cough or a bad throat or chest cold that has been hanging on and refuses to yield to treatment, get from any drug store 2½ ounces of Pinex and make it into a pint of cough syrup, and watch that cough vanish.

Pour the 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. The total cost is about 54 cents, and gives you a full pint—a family supply—of a most effective remedy, at a saving of $2. A day's use will usually overcome a hard cough. Easily prepared in 5 minutes—full directions with Pinex. Keeps perfectly and has a pleasant taste. Children like it.

It's really remarkable how promptly and easily it loosens the dry, hoarse or tight cough and heals the inflamed membranes in a painful cough. It also stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough. A splendid remedy for bronchitis, winter coughs, bronchial asthma and whooping cough.

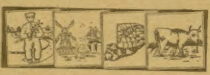
Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in guaiacol, which is so healing to the membranes.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex," and do not accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction goes with this preparation or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., 204 Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.



No. 5027, Muslin Dolls in Colors.

NO. 5027, DOLLS IN COLORS ON MUSLIN—Cutey is 17 inches tall, and her baby is 6½ inches tall. They are the finest playmates any little girl could wish for. The limbs are movable and they can't broken; you can bend them around and drop them without hurting. If you are a little girl or boy, have your mother or father send for these dollies right away, or if you have a friend who has a birthday soon, they will more than please them. Cutey and her baby come on one sheet of heavy cloth, in beautiful colors, ready to sew up and stuff; we also include a stamped design dress for Cutey, with enough floss for working. Thousands of little ones all over the country have been made happy with Cutey and her baby. Both dolls in colors given for a year's subscription, new or renewal, to either The Saturday Blade or the Chicago Ledger, for $1.00.



NO. 5023, KINDERGARTEN DOILIES—They are always very popular with the little folks, who pass many a pleasant and instructive hour while embroidering them. These doilies are stamped on one piece of material and each dolly measures 9 inches square. Included in this offer are one package of needles, six skeins of floss, and an 8-page illustrated embroidery booklet. The set will be given for a year's subscription, new or renewal, to either the Blade or the Ledger, for $1.00.

* * *

He Probably Did.

The kind father took little Isador to Coney Island. Little Issy was a very cross kid on the way down. The father tried to keep him quiet with an offer of pennies and one thing or another, but Issy yelled louder and louder. His father hit upon a new scheme.

"Look, Isadore, I will take my hat und throw it oud der vindow and ven you vistle it vill come back."

The father kept putting the hat out and bringing it back with an air of mystery every time little Issy whistled. It worked wonders with Isador's conduct, for he soon stopped crying and was in a gay mood in a jiffy.

Finally when the father wasn't looking, Isadore took the hat, held it out the window, and let it drop. The hat went sailing down into the dirt along the tracks. Isadore poked a scared face out after it, and then yelled:

"Fadder, der hat iss gone—VISTLE!"

Made-to-Measure
Express Prepaid $2.75
Pants cut in the latest style. Made-to-your individual measure. Fit, workmanship and wear guaranteed.
No Extra Charge for peg tops, no matter how extreme you order them.
Agents Wanted A good live hustler in every town to take orders for our celebrated made-to-measure clothes. Samples of all latest materials Free.
We Pay Big Money to our agents everywhere. Turn your spare time into cash by taking orders for our stylish clothes. Write today for beautiful FREE outfit.
THE PROGRESS TAILORING CO.
Dept. 113 Chicago, Ill.

500 TYPEWRITERS AT $10 TO $15
Typewriter prices smashed! Your choice of any factory rebuilt machine at a bargain. Every one perfect—guaranteed for 5 yrs.—including repairs. My free circular tells how to save 40 per cent—60 per cent on each machine. Write for it! C. E. GAERTE, President.
DEARBORN TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE, Dept.68, Chicago, Ill.

FREE Stem wind and set watch, guaranteed 5 years, for selling 20 art and religious pictures or 20 pkgs. post cards at 10c each. Order your choice.
GATES MFG. CO. Dept. 245 Chicago

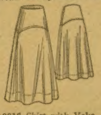
32 NICE POST CARDS different sorts, and a Good Magazine for one year. The WHOLE THING for only ten cents.
ROBERTS & CO., 326 MADISON ST., CHICAGO

PATTERN COUPONS FREE!

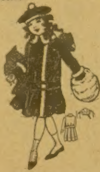
Hundreds of Patterns to Select From

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

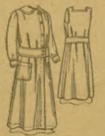
We have a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. **Read our splendid offer below.**



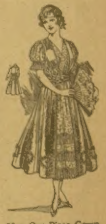
8816 Skirt with Yoke, 24 to 32 waist.



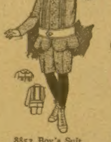
8852 Child's Coat, 4 to 8 years.



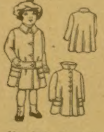
8820 Work Apron, Small 34 or 36, Medium 38 or 40, Large 42 or 44 bust.



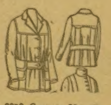
8842 One-Piece Gown for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



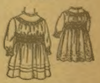
8853 Boy's Suit, 4 to 10 years.



8837 Doll's Coat and Tam-o'-Shanter, 18, 22 and 26 inches high.



8813 Coat in Norfolk Style, with or without Yoke, 34 to 42 bust.



8821 Child's Dress, 2, 4 and 6 years.

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERNS

Here is the way we will do it. To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modists of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber send in a dollar and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these five coupons entitling you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons.

.... CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO US ....

THE CHICAGO LEDGER, 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. This entitles me to Five Pattern Coupons. **Canada Subscription Price $1.50 per year.**

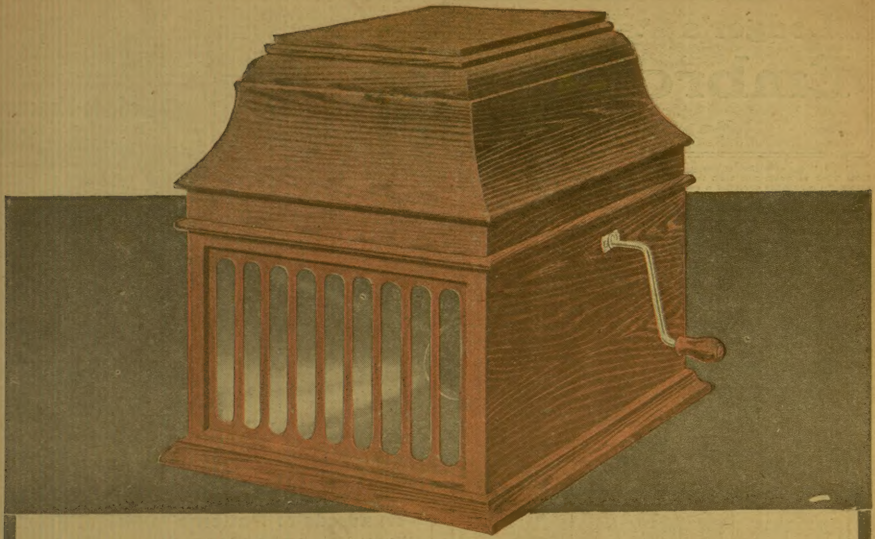
NAME..

Street No.
or R. F. D...

Box............Town...

This is a..........................Subscription. State..........................
(New or Renewal)

If you wish any pattern from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number.) **Coupons good for six months.**



Only $1.00

and After Trial

YES, the great New Edison, with the new Diamond Stylus reproducer and your choice of all the brand new Diamond Amberol Records, will be sent you on ***free trial without a penny down.*** The ***finest,*** the ***best*** that money can buy at very, very much less than the prices at which imitations of the genuine Edison are offered — ***a rock-bottom offer direct from us.***

Mr. Edison's Own *The Genuine New Edison Phonograph*

Among all his wonderful inventions his phonograph is Mr. Edison's pet and hobby. He worked for years striving to produce the most perfect phonograph. At last he has produced the new model, and now it will be sent to you on a startling offer. READ:

Rock-Bottom Direct Offer!

If you wish to keep Mr. Edison's superb new instrument send us only $1.00 after the free trial. Pay the balance on the easiest kind of monthly payments. Think of it—a $1.00 payment, and a few dollars a month to get this brand new style outfit—the Diamond Stylus reproducer, the musical quality—the same Diamond Amberol Records—all the musical results of the highest priced outfits—yes, the greatest value for $1.00 down, balance on ***easiest monthly terms.*** Convince yourself—a free trial first. No money down, no C.O.D., not one cent to pay unless ***you choose*** to keep the instrument.

COUPON

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributors
Dept. 9018, Edison Block, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Please send me your New Edison Catalog and full particulars of your free trial offer on the new model Edison Phonograph.

Name ....

Address ....

Our New Edison Catalog Sent Free

Your name and address on a postal or in a letter (or just the coupon) is enough. No obligations in asking for the catalog. Get this offer—***while this offer lasts.*** Fill out the coupon today.

F. K. Babson, Edison Phonograph Distributors
9018 Edison Block, Chicago, Ill.
Canadian Office: 355 Portage Avenue, Winnepeg, Man.

A Happy Home

Happiness is life—and real happiness is found only in a real home. And by a **real home** I do not mean a house with a yard or farm around it. Oh, no! A real home is the place where the happy and united family gather together for mutual enjoyment and recreation. And the Edison makes this possible, for it stands supreme as the greatest home entertainer. It will mean more than entertainment and merriment, more than an hour of amusement—yes, it will mean genuine pleasure of the lasting sort—helpful entertainment and culture of the most beneficial kind. It will mean the family united—a new home.

Such a variety of entertainment! Hear the latest up-to-date song hits of the big cities. Laugh until the tears stream down your face and your sides ache from laughing at the funniest of funny minstrel shows. Hear the grand old church hymns, the majestic choirs sing the famous anthems just as they sing them in the cathedrals of Europe. Hear the pealing organs, the crashing brass bands, the waltzes, the two-steps, the solos, duets and quartettes. You will sit awe-stricken at the wonderful grand operas as sung by the world's greatest singers. You will be moved by the tender, sweet harmony of quartettes singing those old melodies that you have heard all your life. Take your choice of any kind of entertainment. All will be yours with the Edison in your home. **Send the coupon today.**